

FEAR

HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO
THE HAUNT OF
FEAR



NO. 10
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FEATURING...



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



Frederick

OUTRAGEOUS 1950s EC COMICS!

HERE ARE TALES THAT WILL USHER YOU INTO

THE HAUNT OF

FEAR



NO. 10
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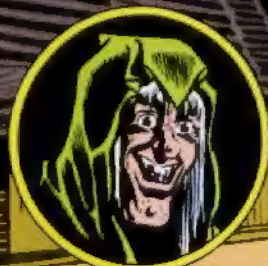


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FEAR
FEATURING...



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



ECOSTEIN

BACK ISSUES!!

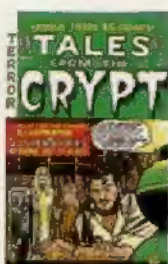
THE COMIC YOU HOLD IN YOUR HANDS IS PART OF THE CHRONOLOGICAL, FACSIMILE REPRINTING OF THE **FAMOUS** (AND INFAMOUS!) **EC COMICS** LINE OF THE EARLY 1950s! WE STARTED WITH THE **FIRST ISSUE** OF EACH TITLE AND ARE ON OUR WAY TO THE **BITTER END!** GET ON THE BANDWAGON, AND **FILL IN THE GAPS** IN YOUR COLLECTION FROM THIS BACKLIST!!



CRYPT #1



CRYPT #2



CRYPT #3



CRYPT #4



CRYPT #5



CRYPT #6



W SCI #1



W SCI #2



W SCI #3



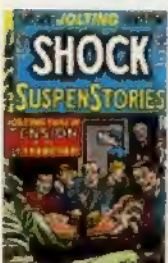
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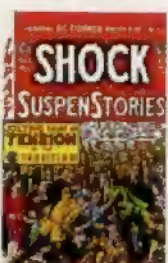
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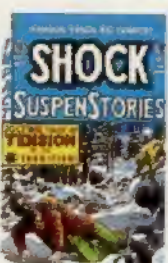
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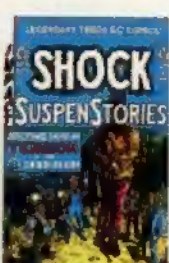
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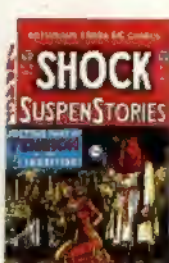
SHOCK #3



SHOCK #4



SHOCK #5



SHOCK #6

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THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!

HEE, HEE! YEP! IT'S ME... *THE OLD WITCH*... MISTRESS OF THE HAUNT OF FEAR! WELL, THE FIRE BENEATH MY CAULDRON IS LEAPING AND CRACKLING! THE EVIL BREW IS BUBBLING AND STEAMING! SO COME IN... AND I'LL DISH OUT ANOTHER OF MY TASTY TALES OF TERROR! THIS TIME MY STORY CONCERNS ITSELF WITH THE BURIAL INDUSTRY! AS ALL OF YOU FIENDISH FANS KNOW, I'M A HARD-HEARTED GAL! BUT WHAT'S GOING ON TODAY EVEN SICKENS ME! OH, SURE... THERE ARE HONEST FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND CEMETERY OPERATORS! HOWEVER THERE ARE FAR TOO MANY OF THE TYPE THIS LITTLE EPIC DEALS WITH! READY FOR IT? GOOD! THEN I'LL BEGIN THE YARN I CALL...

GRAVE BUSINESS!



EZRA COOPER, THE SENIOR PARTNER OF COOPER AND MITCHEL... UNDERTAKERS, STANDS BEFORE THE PAINT-CRACKED DOOR AND WAITS FOR HIS LATEST 'CLIENT' TO OPEN IT! HEAVY FOOTSTEPS APPROACH, THE DOOR SWINGS INWARD, AND A WRINKLED WHITE-HAIRED OLD WOMAN PEERS OUT! SHE STUDIES EZRA WITH RED-RIMMED EYES... SWOLLEN FROM CRYING...

YES?

MY DEEPEST SYMPATHIES, MRS. MARTIN! I'M MR. COOPER, THE FUNERAL DIRECTOR!



THE OLD LADY NODS AND STEPS ASIDE!
EZRA ENTERS THE GLOOMY INTERIOR OF THE
TENEMENT FLAT! HE LOOKS ABOUT AND
RETCHES IN SILENT REVULSION...

FILTHY PLACE! THE
OLD SAT PROBABLY
HASN'T GOT A DIME!
UGH! OH, WELL! IT'S
A **LIVING!**

MY HUSBAND! HE
DIED... SOB... EARLY
THIS MORNING!
I... I...



EZRA SITS DOWN GINGERLY ON A WORN, MOTH-EATEN
CHAIR! HE FOLDS HIS HANDS IN HIS LAP...SO AS NOT
TO TOUCH THE DUST-COVERED ARMS...AND SMILES
SWEETLY AT THE SORROW-CHOKED OLD WOMAN...

I UNDERSTAND, MRS. MARTIN!
YOU'D LIKE TO MAKE...ER...
ARRANGEMENTS FOR YOUR
DEAR DEPARTED HUSBAND'S
BURIAL!

I... I CAN'T AFFORD
MUCH, MR. COOPER!
YOU SEE, HENRY
DIDN'T LEAVE ME MUCH!
I HAVE ABOUT FOUR
HUNDRED DOLLARS
SAVED!



EZRA RUBS HIS CHIN PENSIVELY...

HM-M-M-M! FOUR
HUNDRED! THAT'S
NOT VERY MUCH!
OF COURSE, YOU'LL
HAVE SOMETHING
TO **LIVE** ON, WON'T
YOU, MRS. MARTIN?
AN... **INSURANCE
POLICY?**

OH, YES!
HENRY HAD
A **LIFE
INSURANCE
POLICY!** HE
WANTED TO
LEAVE ME
**PROVIDED
FOR!**

FUNNY! HE
JUST SENT
THEM A PRE-
MIUM PAYMENT
LAST WEEK!
IT'S FOR A
**THOUSAND
DOLLARS!**
THAT OUGHT
TO BE PLENTY
FOR ME...FOR
A **LITTLE
WHILE, AT...**

A **THOUSAND
DOLLARS!**
THAT WAS
THOUGHTFUL
OF HIM, WASN'T
IT? YOUR HUS-
BAND WAS A
GOOD MAN,
WASN'T HE?

OH, VERY
GOOD! WHILE
HE WAS ABLE,
HE TOOK GOOD
CARE OF ME!
YES, HENRY
WAS A GOOD
MAN... SOB...

THEN YOU'LL
WANT TO GIVE
HIM A **NICE
FUNERAL!**
NOT SOMETHING
CHEAP AND
ORDINARY!
SOMETHING
**BEFITTING
SUCH DEVO-**
TION!



WELL,
I...

NOW, FOR EXAMPLE, OUR **FOUR
HUNDRED DOLLAR FUNERAL**
INCLUDES THE **PLOT...A SIMPLE
WOODEN COFFIN...A HEARSE...
AND ONE CAR!** BUT FOR JUST A
LITTLE EXTRA, YOUR DEAR
DEPARTED HUSBAND WILL BE
LAID TO REST IN A **SATIN-LINED,
SOLID BRONZE GASKET!** AND
A **FLORAL CAR...** YOU'LL WANT
THAT! AND THE **PLOT...** IT REALLY
SHOULD BE **LANDSCAPED...**

BUT ALL THAT
SOUNDS SO...
EXPENSIVE!

DON'T YOU **WORRY**, MRS.
MARTIN! JUST LET **ME** HANDLE
IT! I'LL MAKE SURE YOUR
DEAR HUSBAND GETS THE KIND
OF FUNERAL YOU'D **WANT** HIM
TO HAVE! AND THE **PRICE...**
WELL, WE'LL MAKE SURE YOU
WON'T HAVE TO PAY **MORE**
THAN YOU CAN **AFFORD!**



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, AFTER HENRY MARTIN'S FUNERAL...

WHY, IT'S YOU, MR. COOPER! COME IN! COME IN! I HAVEN'T HAD A CHANCE TO THANK YOU! HENRY'S FUNERAL WAS LOVELY!

I'M GLAD YOU LIKED IT, MRS. MARTIN! I'VE COME WITH MY BILL!

LET'S SEE! THE SOLID BRONZE CASKET WITH THE SATIN-TAILORED INTERIOR WAS \$490! THE PLOT... \$350! A HEARSE AND ONE CAR...\$50! FOUR PALL BEARERS...\$60! WHITE GLOVES FOR PALL BEARERS...\$30! BOUTONNIERS FOR PALL BEARERS...\$20! EMBALMING...\$100! MANICURE...\$10! FLORAL CAR AND FLOWERS...\$100! NEWSPAPER NOTICES...\$10 AND FUNERAL DIRECTION...\$80!

THAT TOTALS...ER... \$1380! TO THE PENNY!

\$1380! BUT I TOLD YOU, MR. COOPER! I ONLY HAVE \$400 SAVED!

AH, DON'T BE ALARMED, MRS. MARTIN! YOUR HUSBAND'S INSURANCE POLICY! ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS! REMEMBER?

NO! YOU CAN'T! YOU WOULDN'T TAKE THAT! THAT'S ALL I HAVE!

I'M AWFULLY SORRY, MRS. MARTIN! THE FUNERAL IS OVER! YOUR HUSBAND IS BURIED! YOU OWE ME \$1380, AND YOU SIMPLY MUST PAY IT! GOOD-DAY!

SOB...SOB...

LATER, AT THE OFFICES OF COOPER AND MITCHEL... UNDERTAKERS, CHARLIE MITCHEL, EZRA'S JUNIOR PARTNER, REPORTS...

THE MARTIN FUNERAL NETTED US A COOL \$1038 PROFIT, EZRA! THE CASKET COST US \$32! THE FLOWERS FOR THE FLORAL CAR...\$50! THE BOUTONNIERS...\$10! THE NEWS-PAPER NOTICES, \$10...WE COULDN'T FOOL AROUND WITH THAT...AND THE PLOT \$240!

THE CARS ARE OURS! THE GLOVES GO BACK IN THE DRAWER! TOTAL COST...\$342! HEH, HEH!

QUITE A LUCRATIVE BUSINESS, EH, CHARLIE?

OH, BY THE WAY! THE CITY'S GOT ANOTHER UNIDENTIFIED CORPSE FOR US TO BURY! WHAT'LL WE CHARGE?

CHARGE 'EM THE USUAL \$75 FOR EMBALMING, AND \$300 FOR THE PLOT! SINCE 'UNIDENTIFIEDS' GO IN UNMARKED GRAVES, WE CAN PUT HIM IN OLD MAN MARTIN'S PLOT... HALF-WAY DOWN... AND THE CITY'LL NEVER BE THE WISER! THAT'LL SAVE US THE COST OF A PLOT! GIVE HIM ONE OF OUR \$10 PLAIN PINE COFFINS AND CHARGE \$50 FOR IT!

OKAY, EZRA!

WELL, I HAVE TO BE GOING, CHARLIE! TOMORROW'S THE CONVENTION OF FUNERAL DIRECTORS AND GEMETERY OPERATORS! TAKE GOOD CARE OF THINGS WHILE I'M GONE!

SURE! NOW, DRIVE CAREFULLY, EZRA!



HEH, HEH! WORRIED ABOUT ME, CHARLIE? I DON'T KNOW WHY! IF I WERE KILLED, THE BUSINESS WOULD BE YOURS! ALL YOU'D HAVE TO DO IS BUY OUT MY SHARE FROM MY ESTATE!

OH, CUT IT OUT, EZRA! I DON'T LIKE THAT KIND OF TALK!



THE NEXT DAY, AT THE BURIAL INDUSTRY'S COMBINED CONVENTION...

EZRA COOPER! YOU OLD SON-OF-A-GUN! HOW ARE YOU? HOW'S BUSINESS, EZ?

PRETTY DEAD, PHIL! HAW-HAW!



THERE IS MUCH LAUGHING AND JOKING BY THE MEMBERS OF THIS MORBID INDUSTRY...

\$100 FOR EMBALMING! HEH, HEH! THAT'S WHAT I CHARGE! WHY I COULD EMBALM A HIPPOPOTAMUS FOR A BUCK AND A HALF!



MANY 'HUMOROUS STORIES' ARE SWAPPED...

SO WE SELL 'EM THIS FOUR-GRAVE PLOT FOR \$700, SEE! ONLY THE PLOT'S JUST LARGE ENOUGH FOR THREE-AND-A-HALF COFFINS! WHEN THE FOURTH ONE COMES ALONG, WE HOLD UP THE FUNERAL UNTIL THEY COME ACROSS WITH ANOTHER \$200!

LORD, WALTER! THAT'S A RIOT!

SO THIS WIDOW DIDN'T WANT TO PAY THE BILL! SO WHAT DID I DO? I HAD THE BODY... SO I HELD IT... WITHOUT BURYING IT... AS SECURITY! SHE PAID! AND QUICK, TOO!

THAT TOOK NERVE, DONALD!

PRETTY STIFF SECURITY, I'D SAY! HAW! HAW!



FINALLY, THE CONVENTION IS OVER, AND EZRA BEGINS HIS TRIP HOME...

HEH, HEH! I SURE LIKE THOSE GET-TOGETHERS! ALWAYS LEARN SOME NEW ONES...



SUDDENLY, WHILE EZRA STREAKS ALONG A LONELY STRETCH OF HIGHWAY, THERE IS A LOUD EXPLOSION AS HIS RIGHT FRONT TIRE BLOWS OUT...



GOOD LORD!

THE CAR CAREENS CRAZILY ACROSS THE CONCRETE ROAD, SPINS SHARPLY, AND TURNS OVER INTO A DITCH...



WHEN EZRA COMES TO, HE IS STARING UP AT A STARRY SKY! HE TRIES TO MOVE...TO GET UP! NOTHING HAPPENS...

I REMEMBER NOW! THE BLOW-OUT! I MUST HAVE GRASHED!



EZRA TRIES TO CRY OUT...BUT CAN MAKE NO SOUND! HE BEGINS TO CONCENTRATE! HE CAN FEEL NOTHING...NOT EVEN HIS ARMS OR HIS LEGS! FOR A MOMENT HE HAS THE HORRIBLE FEAR THAT THEY ARE GONE...

I...I CAN'T MOVE! I CAN'T EVEN BLINK MY EYES! I...I'M PARALYZED!



THEN EZRA HEARS VOICES! TWO SHABBILY-DRESSED TRAMPS MOVE INTO HIS LINE OF VISION...

POOR GUY! HE'S DONE FOR!

NO! NO! I'M ALIVE! LOOK AT ME! LOOK CLOSELY!

HEY! MAYBE HE'S GOT SOME DOUGH ON 'IM!



TAKE IT! IT'S IN MY WALLET! TAKE IT ALL...ONLY HELP ME! I'M ALIVE, I TELL YOU! ALIVE!

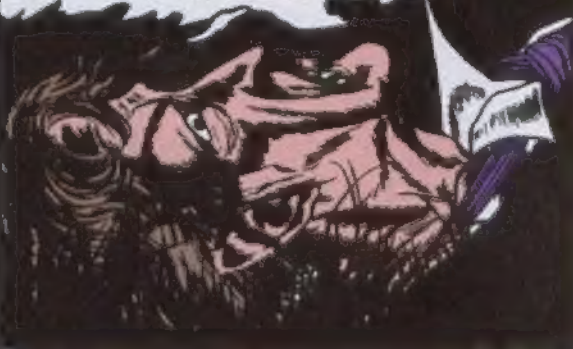
THIRTY BUCKS! NOT BAD!

C'MON! LET'S GO! THIS GIVES ME THE CREEPS!



THE TWO MEN MOVE OUT OF EZRA'S VIEW, AND HE CAN HEAR THEM CRUNCHING OFF DOWN THE ROAD! HE LAYS THERE...FEELING NO PAIN...STARING UP AT THE NIGHT SKY...

I CAN'T EVEN SHIFT MY EYES! I HAVE NO CONTROL OF MY MUSCLES! EVERY BIT OF ME IS PARALYZED!



EZRA BEGINS TO WONDER IF HE IS BLEEDING! PERHAPS HE IS BLEEDING TO DEATH! HOURS LATER, HE HEARS A FAR-OFF WAIL! IT DRAWS CLOSER AND CLOSER. A SIREN...

OH, THANK GOD! THANK GOD! AN AMBULANCE... AT LAST!

HEY! THOSE TRAMPS WERE RIGHT! THERE IT IS! NOW! WHAT A MESS!



THE STATE TROOPERS MOVE INTO VIEW! THEY EDGE TOWARD EZRA! IF ONLY THERE WERE SOME WAY HE COULD TELL THEM...LET THEM KNOW! ONE OF THEM BENDS OVER HIM...

SHALL I CALL IN FOR AN AMBULANCE, EDDIE?

NEVER MIND, BERT! BETTER SEND FOR THE MORGUE-WAGON! THIS GUY IS DEAD!



NO! NO! I'M NOT DEAD! I'M ALIVE! I CAN'T MOVE... BUT, I'M ALIVE! LOOK CLOSELY! EXAMINE ME! PLEASE... PLEASE... OH, GOD...

THIS IS BAKER... CAR SIX! WE'RE ON HIGHWAY TWENTY-TWO, SIX MILES EAST OF TOWN! SEND THE MEAT-WAGON! THERE'S BEEN AN ACCIDENT! GUY GOT HIMSELF KILLED!



LOOK HERE, BERT! THE GUY'S WALLET! THOSE TRAMPS MUST HAVE RIFLED IT! THERE'S NOT A DIME IN IT!

WHO WAS HE? WHERE'D HE COME FROM?



NAME'S EZRA COOPER! HEY! GET THIS! HE'S AN UNDERTAKER! SAYS HERE IN CASE OF EMERGENCY, NOTIFY CHARLES MITCHEL HIS PARTNER...

WELL! THAT'LL SAVE THE BOYS AT THE MORGUE SOME WORK!



AFTER WHAT SEEMS LIKE HOURS TO EZRA, HE HEARS ANOTHER CAR PULL UP! THE MORGUE-WAGON! THEN HIS VIEW OF THE NIGHT SKY IS BLOTTED OUT BY A CURTAIN OF WHITE...

THEY'RE COVERING ME WITH A SHEET! PLEASE... I'M NOT DEAD! I'M NOT!

OKAY, BOYS! HE'S ALL YOURS!



ANOTHER INTERMINABLE LENGTH OF TIME PASSES! EZRA HEARS THE SOUND OF A MOTOR AND KNOWS HE IS BEING DRIVEN INTO TOWN...TO THE MORGUE! THEN THE 'CLACK-CLACK' OF WHEELS! THEY'RE WHEELING HIM IN...

GET IN TOUGH WITH THIS GUY MITCHEL! FIND OUT WHAT HE WANTS TO DO WITH THIS STUFF!

OKAY! YES! CHARLIE'LL HELP ME! HE'LL SEE I'M NOT DEAD!



SOMEONE IS DIALING A PHONE! THERE ARE VOICES...

THAT'S RIGHT! AN AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT! YOU'LL TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING? OKAY! BE RIGHT OVER? GOOD! WE WON'T DO ANYTHING TO HIM, THEN! RIGHT! 'BYE!



MORE TIME PASSES! THEN THE WHITE CURTAIN IS LIFTED AND A BLINDING LIGHT BORES INTO EZRA'S BRAIN! CHARLIE IS STARING DOWN AT HIM.

IT'S HIM, ALL RIGHT! HELP ME GET HIM INTO THE HEARSE, HUH, BOYS?

SURE, MR. MITCHEL!



THE WHITE CURTAIN IS REPLACED! MORE 'CLACK-CLACK' AS EZRA IS WHEELED OUT! THEN THE SOUND OF A MOTOR...

THANK GOD! CHARLIE IS TAKING ME HOME! HE'LL FIND OUT SOON! I'LL BE SAFE!



AGAIN THE CURTAIN IS REMOVED! CHARLIE IS GRINNING DOWN AT EZRA.

WELL, EZRA! YOU WERE RIGHT! THE BUSINESS IS ALL MINE NOW!

CHARLIE! I'M ALIVE! I'M ALIVE!



AND DO YOU KNOW HOW I'M GOING TO PAY YOUR ESTATE FOR YOUR SHARE OF OUR PARTNERSHIP, EZRA?

CHARLIE! DON'T TALK LIKE THAT! I'M NOT DEAD! LOOK AT ME!

I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU THE MOST EXPENSIVE FUNERAL I CAN PHONY UP, EZRA! IT'S GOING TO COST ME PEANUTS, BUT YOUR ESTATE WILL PAY THROUGH THE NOSE!

CHARLIE! PLEASE! OH, LORD... LORD...



CHARLIE LEERS DOWN AT EZRA'S RIGID FACE... AND THE FIRST THING I'M GOING TO DO IS FORGET TO EMBALM YOU! AND I'LL CHARGE \$200. BECAUSE IT'LL BE A SPECIAL JOB I WON'T DO!

AND YOU'LL BET OUR SPECIAL CASKET... THE ONE WITH THE VELVET-TAILORED INTERIOR AND THE POLISHED BRASS HANDLES! YOU KNOW... THE ONE THAT COSTS US \$48! I'LL CHARGE \$2,000 FOR IT!

OH, YES, EZRA! YOU'LL HAVE A LOVELY FUNERAL! WHITE-GLOVED PALL-BEARERS AND ALL! IT MAY RUN ME \$400! BUT THE BILL WILL SAY \$4,000! HEH, HEH! THAT OUGHT TO BE ENOUGH TO BUY YOU OUT!

EZRA LIES THERE—LISTENING TO CHARLES! HE CANNOT MOVE! HE CANNOT CRY OUT! HE IS HELPLESS! AS HELPLESS AS THE POOR UNFORTUNATES THAT HE ONCE PRAYED UPON HIMSELF...

YOU TAUGHT ME EVERYTHING I KNOW, EZRA! YOU TAUGHT ME HOW TO MARK UP 500%! YOU TAUGHT ME HOW TO THROW IN ALL THE EXTRAS! WELL, NOW YOU'RE GETTING THEM ALL... YOURSELF!

AH, YES! EZRA'S FUNERAL REALLY IS SOMETHING! IT IS THE MOST EXPENSIVE FUNERAL COOPER AND MITCHEL EVER ARRANGED! THE CASKET WITH THE POLISHED BRASS HANDLES AND THE VELVET-LINED INTERIOR IS LOWERED SLOWLY INTO THE GAPING SIX FOOT HOLE! INSIDE, EZRA LIES, STARING UP INTO THE BLACKNESS THAT SURROUNDS HIM. UNABLE TO MOVE...UNABLE TO CRY OUT...HELPLESS

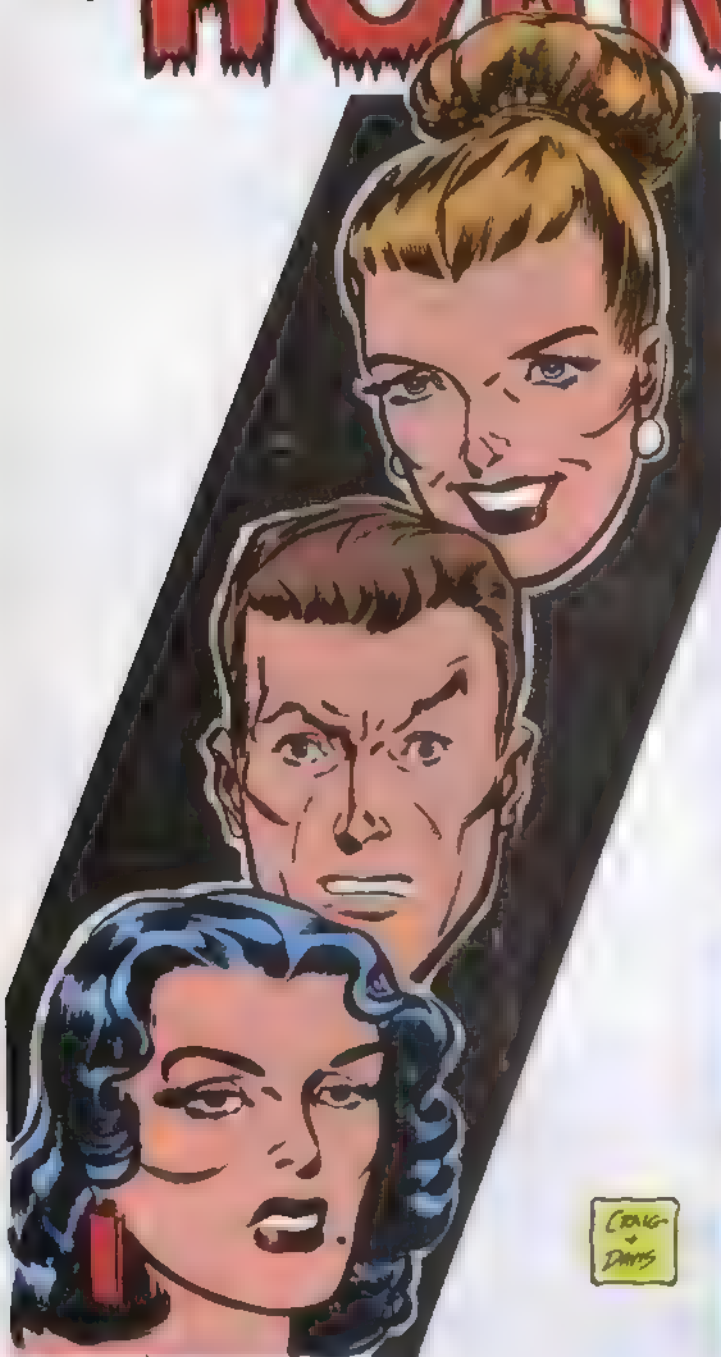
HEE, HEE! YEP! EZRA WAS BURIED ALIVE! A JUST PUNISHMENT. I WOULD SAY! WHAT ABOUT CHARLIE? WHAT'S HIS PUNISHMENT? DON'T WORRY! THEY'LL GET HIM...AT HIS FUNERAL! HEE, HEE! AND NOW

I'M GOING TO TURN YOU OVER TO THAT NAUSEATING OLD BUZZARD, THE VAULT-KEEPER! HE'S WAITING WITH HIS HORROR YARN! OH...IF YOU HAVEN'T AS YET ORDERED YOUR BACK PAGES

FROM ME, READ MY COLUMN, THE OLD WITCH'S NICHE! SEE YOU LATER!

THE END

THE VAULT OF HORROR!

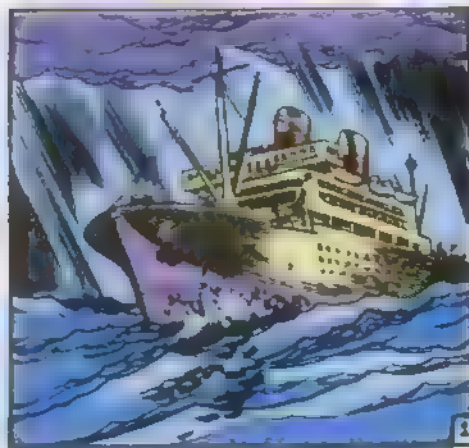


HEH, HEH! WELL, CREEPING CORPSES! IF IT ISN'T TIME FOR ANOTHER GRUESOME TALE FROM MY PRIVATE COLLECTION! I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU OF THE PRECAUTIONS THAT SHOULD BE TAKEN BEFORE READING ONE OF MY HORRIFYING YARNS... SO WITHOUT FURTHER ADO, I GIVE YOU THE STORY I CALL...

THE VAMP!



HEAVING AND TOSSING, THE HUGE SHIP LABORED UNDER THE POUNDING OF THE BILLOWING, CRASHING WAVES THAT SWEEP ACROSS HER DECKS YET HELD A SLOW BUT TRUE COURSE FOR ENGLAND...



CRAIG
DAYS

NESTLED COMFORTABLY IN THEIR CABIN, ARTHUR LANG AND HIS WIFE, DEENA, HAPPILY PORED OVER TRAVEL FOLDERS OF THE EUROPEAN CONTINENT...

ISN'T IT *WONDERFUL*, ARTHUR? IT'S JUST LIKE A SECOND HONEYMOON!

ONE WHOLE MONTH! BOY, ARE WE GOING TO HAVE A *TIME*!

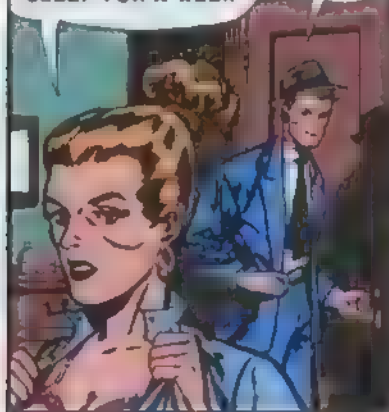


DURING THE TWO WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, ARTHUR AND DEENA LIVED LIFE TO THE HILT. LONDON, PARIS, GENEVA, VIENNA, MILAN, ROME...



WELL, IF I'M ASLEEP WHEN YOU GET BACK, DON'T DISTURB ME! I THINK I COULD SLEEP FOR A WEEK!

OKAY, HONEY! PLEASANT DREAMS!



ERIE SHADOWS FELL ACROSS THE STREETS, AS ARTHUR WALKED THROUGH THE CHILLY, DAMP HUNGARIAN NIGHT.

I'VE COME A LONG WAY. BEEN WALKING LONGER THAN I THOUGHT



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, THEIR SHIP DOCKED IN ENGLAND..

WHY, I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! IT'S NOT FOGGY AT ALL!

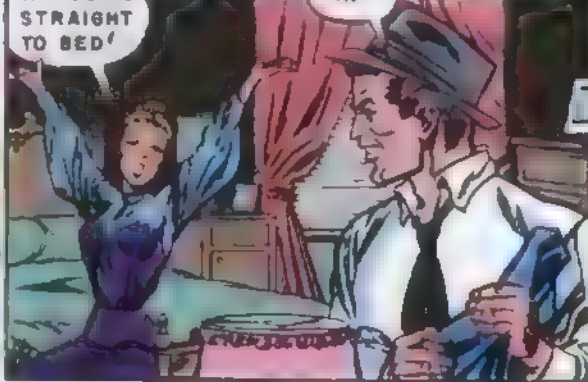
HA, HA! NOT *EVERY* DAY IS RAINY AND FOGGY, DEENA! THE SUN SHINES HERE TOO!



AND FINALLY ONE NIGHT, TIRED BUT HAPPY, THEY CHECKED INTO A HOTEL IN BUDAPEST, HUNGARY!

OH, I'M JUST EXHAUSTED! I'M GOING STRAIGHT TO BED!

NOT ME! I THINK I'LL TAKE A WALK BEFORE I TURN IN!



. GUESS I'D BETTER START BACK TO THE HOTEL! MAYBE DEENA'S .. SAY! WHAT'S THAT NOISE? SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE RUNNING THIS WAY!





A GIRL!

HELP! OH, HELP PLEASE! A DEAD MAN DOWN THERE!



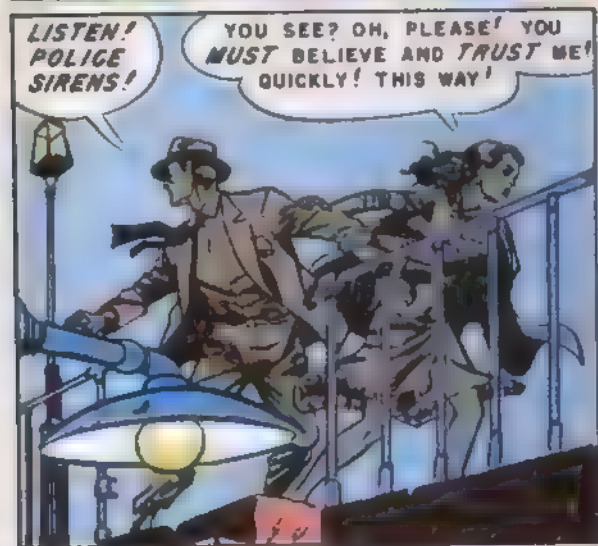
A DEAD MAN? WE BETTER CALL THE POLICE!

NO! THEY WILL BE HERE SOON ENOUGH! IF YOU OR I ARE FOUND HERE, WE WILL BE IN GREAT TROUBLE! WE MUST LEAVE!



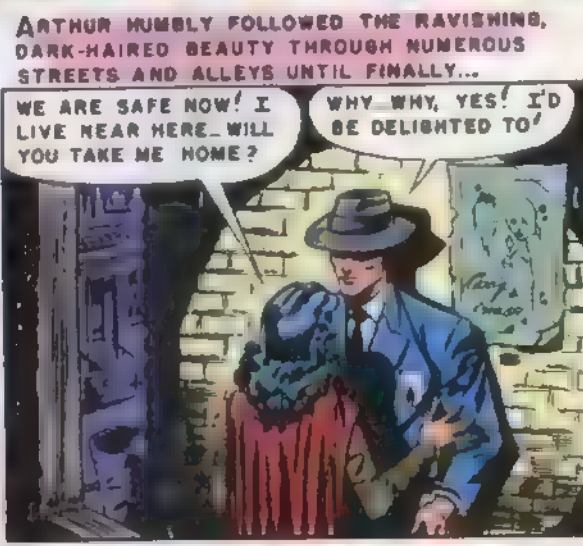
BUT, BUT WHY? WE HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING! AT LEAST...

THERE HAVE BEEN A SERIES OF MURDERS OF LATE! THE POLICE HAVE REACHED THE POINT WHERE THEY WILL PROSECUTE ANYONE!



LISTEN! POLICE SIRENS!

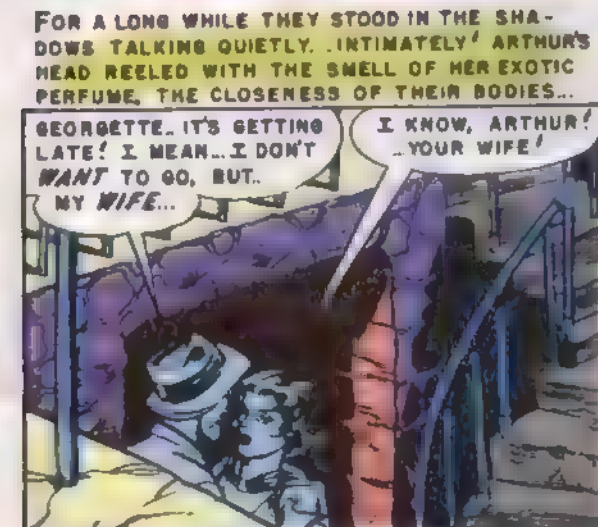
YOU SEE? OH, PLEASE! YOU MUST BELIEVE AND TRUST ME! QUICKLY! THIS WAY!



ARTHUR HUMBLY FOLLOWED THE RAVISHING, DARK-HAIRED BEAUTY THROUGH NUMEROUS STREETS AND ALLEYS UNTIL FINALLY...

WE ARE SAFE NOW! I LIVE NEAR HERE... WILL YOU TAKE ME HOME?

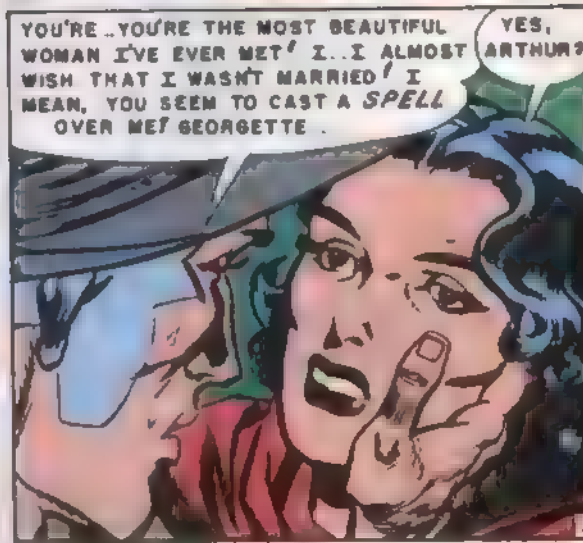
WHY WHY, YES! I'D BE DELIGHTED TO!



FOR A LONG WHILE THEY STOOD IN THE SHADOWS TALKING QUIETLY. INTIMATELY! ARTHUR'S HEAD REELED WITH THE SMELL OF HER EXOTIC PERFUME, THE CLOSENESS OF THEIR BODIES...

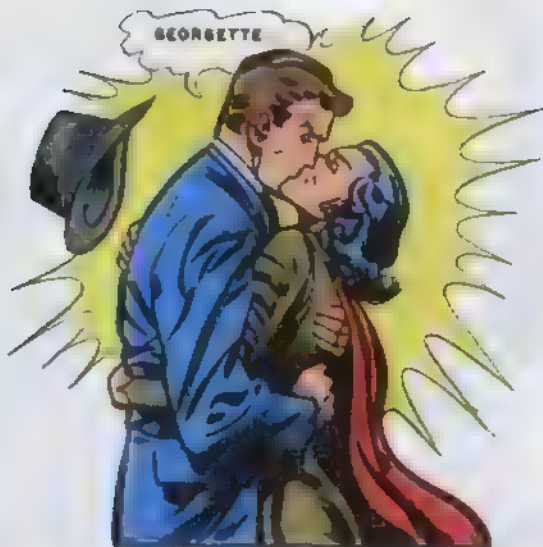
GEORGETTE... IT'S GETTING LATE! I MEAN... I DON'T WANT TO GO, BUT... MY WIFE...

I KNOW, ARTHUR! YOUR WIFE!



YOU'RE... YOU'RE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN I'VE EVER MET! I... I ALMOST WISH THAT I WASN'T MARRIED! I MEAN, YOU SEEM TO CAST A SPELL OVER ME! GEORGETTE...

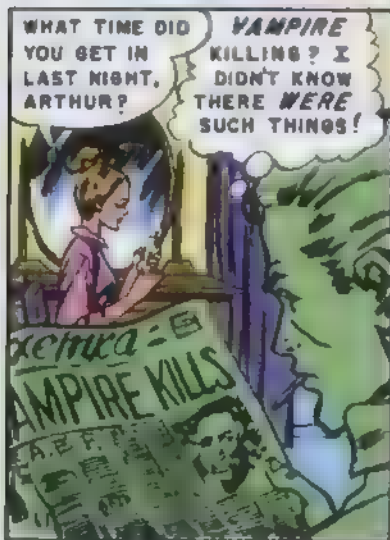
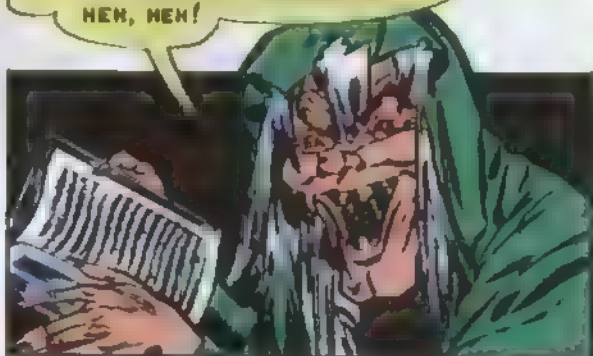
YES, ARTHUR?



GEORGETTE

HEH, HEH! ARTHUR RETURNED TO THE HOTEL AND SNEAKED INTO BED! HE SLEPT FITFULLY, FOR A TANTALIZING VISION OF GEORGETTE PLAGUED HIS THOUGHTS. THE NEXT DAY, ARTHUR FOUND IT DIFFICULT TO KEEP HIS MIND FROM WANDERING...UNTIL HE SAW THE MORNING NEWSPAPER.

HEH, HEH!



WHAT TIME DID YOU GET IN LAST NIGHT, ARTHUR?

VAMPIRE KILLING? I DIDN'T KNOW THERE WERE SUCH THINGS!



ARTHUR! I ASKED YOU A QUESTION!

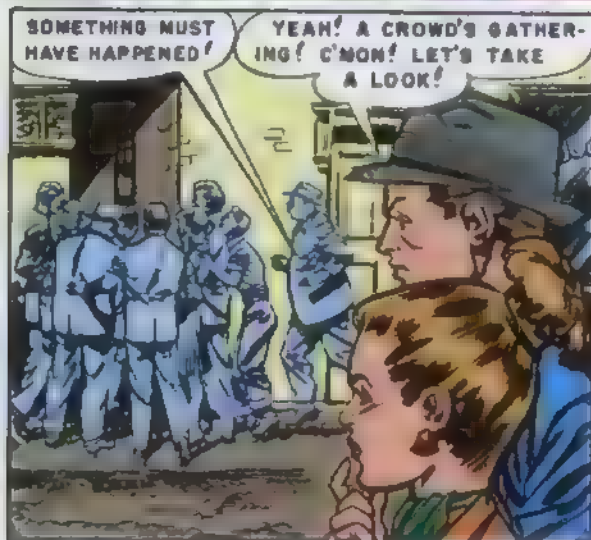
HUH? OH! ER - A SHORT WHILE AFTER YOU WENT TO BED!



THAT EVENING, ARTHUR AND DEENA STROLLED ALONG THE AVENUE

QUITE A LARGE CITY, ISN'T IT, DEENA?

NOT NEARLY AS LARGE AS... OH, ARTHUR! LOOK! OVER THERE!



SOMETHING MUST HAVE HAPPENED!

YEAH! A CROWD'S GATHERING! C'MON! LET'S TAKE A LOOK!

SUBWAY-WISE, ARTHUR AND HIS WIFE EASILY ELBOWED THEIR WAY TO THE FRONT OF THE CROWD...AND STARED DOWN AT THE LIFELESS BODY OF A YOUNG HUNGARIAN GIRL

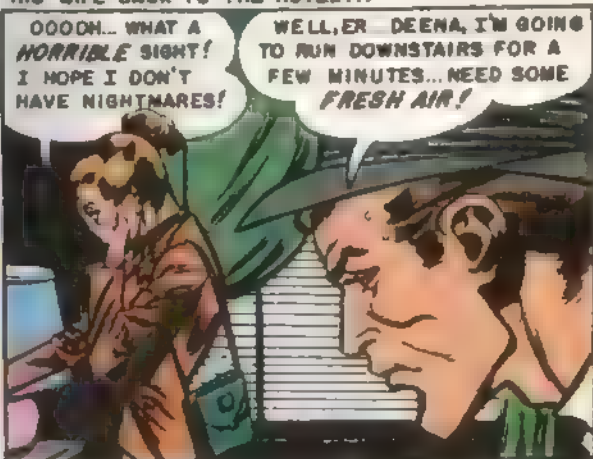


ARTHUR! SHE... SHE'S DEAD!

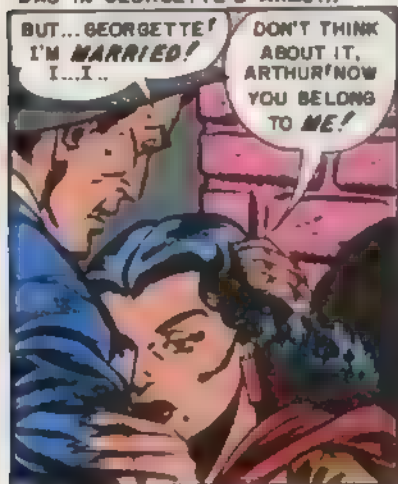
APPREHENSIVELY, ARTHUR'S EYES SEARCHED THE FACES OF THE PEOPLE AROUND HIM. A MOMENT PASSED BEFORE HE REALIZED THAT ONE WAS STARING DIRECTLY BACK AT HIM... **GEORGETTE!**



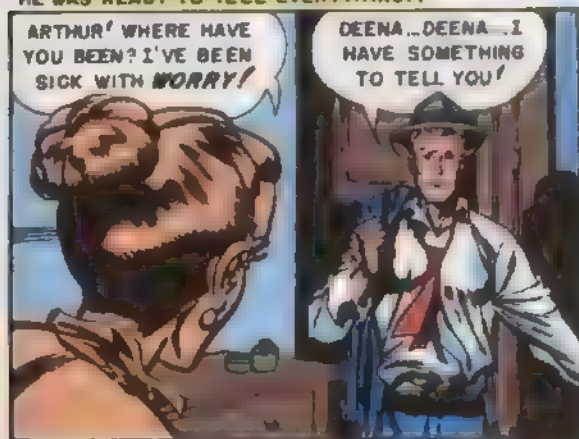
THEY LOOKED AT ONE ANOTHER FOR LONG MINUTES... AND THEN, SUDDENLY, SHE WAS GONE! ARTHUR TOOK HIS WIFE BACK TO THE HOTEL...



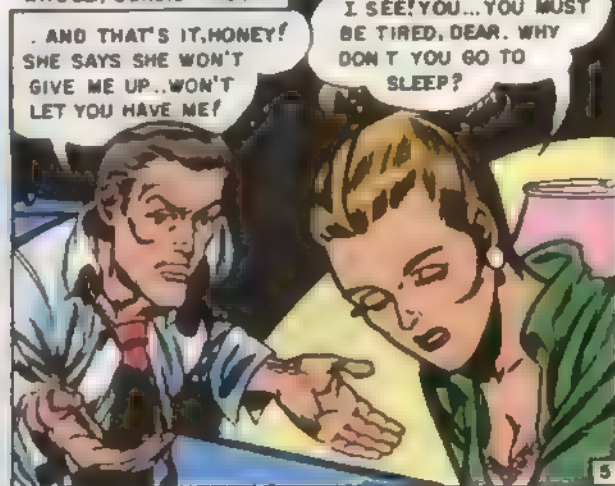
A SHORT WHILE LATER ARTHUR WAS IN GEORGETTE'S ARMS...



IT WAS ALMOST DAWN WHEN ARTHUR TIREDLY AND SHAMEFACEDLY ENTERED THE HOTEL ROOM. HIS CONSCIENCE HAD FINALLY WON ITS BATTLE... AND HE WAS READY TO TELL EVERYTHING...



ARTHUR SLUMPED ON THE BED AND TOLD DEENA THE WHOLE, SORDID TRUTH.



THAT NIGHT ARTHUR STRODE THE STREETS TO GEORGETTE'S HOUSE, DEEP IN THOUGHT...

I'LL TELL HER I CAN'T SEE HER ANYMORE! I DON'T LOVE HER...IT WAS JUST A VACATION ROMANCE! AN INFATUATION... HEY! WHAT'S GOING ON UP AHEAD THERE?



SOMEONE PULLED THAT MAN INTO THE ALLEY! LISTEN TO HIS SCREAMS! I'VE GOT TO HELP HIM!

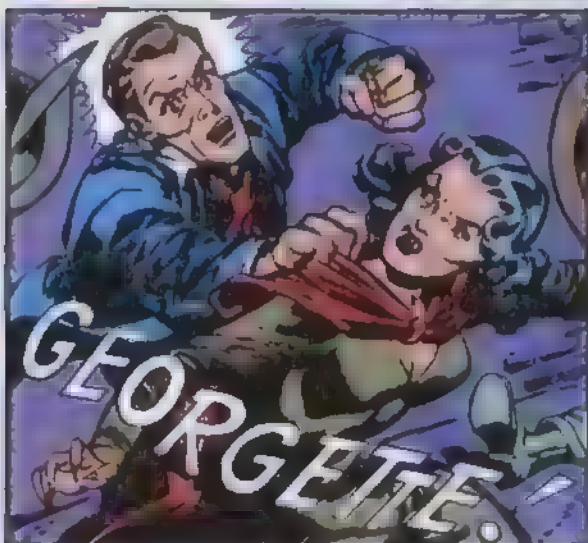


RACING INTO THE ALLEY, ARTHUR SAW A SINISTER FIGURE HUDDLED OVER THE MAN ON THE GROUND.



HEY, YOU! STOP!

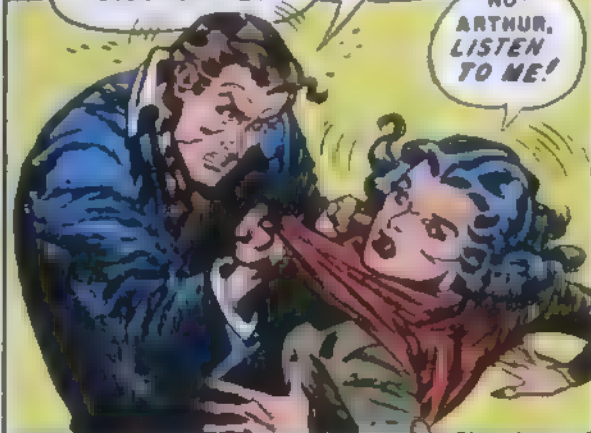
WHA...?



GEORGETTE!

YOU...KILLED HIM! YOU'RE A VAMPIRE! A FILTHY, BLOODTHIRSTY VAMPIRE! I HATE YOU! I DESPISE YOU! YOU DISGUST ME!

NO! ARTHUR, LISTEN TO ME!



LEAVE ME ALONE! GET OUT OF MY WAY! I NEVER WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

ARTHUR! COME BACK! I WON'T LET YOU GO! I'LL KILL YOU BEFORE I'LL LET YOU GO BACK TO HER!



LATER, ARTHUR BREATHELESSLY ENTERED THE HOTEL ROOM AND HURRIEDLY BEGAN PACKING. HIS WIFE WAS STRANGELY ABSENT...

...NARROW ESCAPE! I'M JUST A DUMB FOOL! WHEN DEENA COMES BACK WE'LL HOP A PLANE...



BUT HOURS PASSED BEFORE DEENA FINALLY RETURNED...

MONEY. I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!



YES, I KNOW... GEORGETTE SAID YOU WOULD BE!



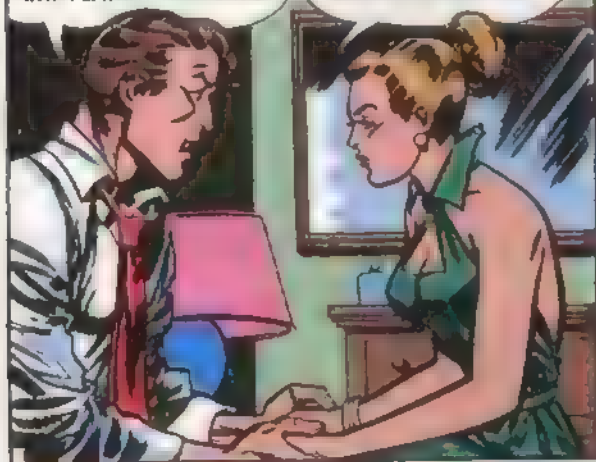
GEORGETTE? YOU'VE BEEN TO SEE GEORGETTE?

YES! I WENT TO ASK HER TO GIVE YOU UP...BUT WE QUARRELED!



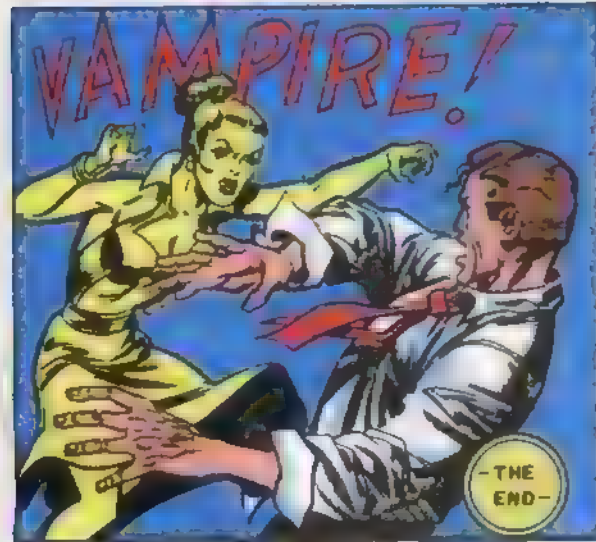
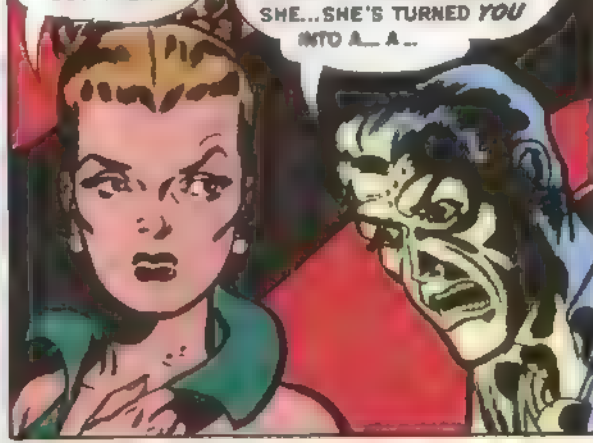
IS THAT WHY YOU LOOK SO SO PALE? WHAT...WHAT HAPPENED?

WE ARGUED...AND THEN SHE ATTACKED ME! I KNOW SHE BIT ME...



...SEE? HERE? HERE ON THE NECK! I GUESS I PASSED OUT THEN!

ON THE NECK? GOOD LORD! NO WONDER YOU'RE SO PALE! SHE'S DRAINED YOU OF YOUR BLOOD! SHE...SHE'S TURNED YOU INTO A...A...



-THE END-

HEH, HEH, HEH! THAT'S THE KIND OF STORY I LIKE TO TELL...EVERYBODY GETS IT... *IN THE NECK!* BUT GEORGETTE KEPT HER WORD, DIDN'T SHE? SHE COULDN'T KILL ARTHUR *HERSELF*...SO SHE FIXED IT SO DEENA WOULD DO THE JOB! WE ALL KNOW THAT A VAMPIRE'S VICTIM BECOMES A VAMPIRE *TOO!* THAT'S REALLY GETTING RID OF TWO BATS WITH *ONE STONE*. EH? WELL...

NOW I'LL TURN YOU BACK TO THE OLD WITCH... ANOTHER OLD BAT! YOU'LL FIND HER COLUMN BRIMMING OVER WITH INFO INCLUDING THE METHOD FOR OBTAINING BACK ISSUES FROM YOUR THREE GHOULMATEES!



THE OLD WITCH'S NICHE

President and CEO—Stephen A. Geppi

Publisher—Russ Cochran

Dear Old Witch

I'm ten years old. I just love your comics, especially "Diminishing Returns!" from HAUNT #8

- 1.) Have you heard of Ren & Stimpy?
- 2.) Can I have a free comic?
- 3.) Can you make a comic about ghouls?
- 4.) Can you teach me how to draw the Crypt-Keeper?

I would like a pen pal! Your biggest fan,

Jeremy Rainer

8A Lee ST
Forest LK, MN 55025

1.) No, but I heard FROM them (a postcard at Christmas).

2.) We charge about \$2 plus shipping for our free comics.

3.) I don't do ghouls exclusively (I like to play the field!).

4.) Sure. Just put a little Geritol X-tra Strength in a saucer near the Crypt. Draws him out every time.

—OW

Dear Old Witch,

I love your comic books. The Old Witch is the best. I especially enjoyed "Diminishing Returns!" in HAUNT 8. That was awesome when the shrunken head [deleted]. I have one question: Who do you like better, CK or VK?

Michael Mayer

Mansfield, OH

I deleted your reminder of just what happened at the end of "Returns," there may be someone who hasn't read it yet!

Between CK and VK, it's a toss up. And I mean of your cookies!

—OW

Dear Russ Cochran

I am a very big fan of your comics. I have only one question: What is this "extra-large" CRYPT that I have heard about? Please print my address. I love to get mail from other EC fans.

Brandon Hendrix

POB 117
Broken Bow, OK 74728

Way back yonder, when reprinting of these comics as comic books was begun, we did one issue of an Extra-Large size (tabloid-sized, treasury-sized; whatever you call it, it's about 10x13) comic. It reprints both CRYPT 31 (real number: #15!) and CRIME 12. What this means in practical terms is, TWO of my HAUNT stories! \$6 each plus shipping according to the schedule at the end of this column.

—OW

Dear Old Witch,

I was hungry for some good, old-fashioned thrills and chills, but you served up more than I could have imagined in HAUNT #8! "Hounded to Death!" was a fitting start to my "meal." Poor old Steven, I felt bad for him. But I guess we all knew he was dogmeat from the start. Then you let VK tease my palate a bit with his course, "The Very Strange Mummy!." I mean a mummy and a Vampire story all wrapped in one package, what a treat!

Then you came in with the main course, "Diminishing Returns!." I was eager to read the shrunken head story from the moment I laid eyes on the cover. Ooh, this was a tasty little dish. Just ask Hagen, he'll tell you! He sure showed Vincent that two heads aren't always better than one.

Thanks OW for a great helping of horror! Please keep them coming, or heads will roll (and Hagen's will lead the pack!)

Jim Davis

Pullman, WA

And for dessert, a special "Haunt of Fear" story in the back of CRIME SUSPENSORIES! A mummy to tickle your tummy and a vampire to tickle your...neck! Yes, heads will roll and stomachs will roll, thus the Rolloids!

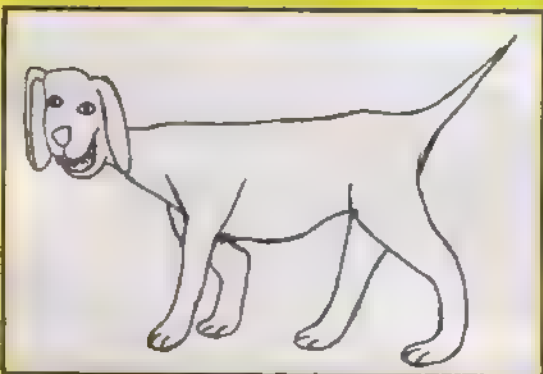
—OW

Dear Old Witch,

Your stories are the scariest ones I collect your comics. I already have HAUNT 8. My favorite is "Hounded to Death!" Keep the picture. Your fan.

Cassie Mootz

Peebles, OH



Remember, you can fill in your collection of any of these scarifying titles! See the section at the end of this column. I like your drawing, but it makes me nervous—why is that dog smiling?!

—OW

Dear Russ

I had planned to take a month off from ordering a volume of the [hardback] EC LIBRARY volumes. But then I noticed from your order form that quite a few more books had sold out and are no longer available. Nothing is worse than having a set that is missing just one book, such as the case with my HAUNT set missing Volume One.

Well, keep up the good work. I look forward to getting my three EC comics at the BIG GUYS COMICS shop every month.

Warren Standiford

Sunnyvale, CA

No news is GHOUL news, but the GOOD news is—sets of the hardback HAUNT OF FEAR EC LIBRARY will be back in stock in about six weeks! These are the complete reprintings in 8x12 books, HAUNT runs to five volumes! The story pages are in b&w, but are so true to the original art pages you may

see stuff we can't possibly reproduce in these comic books! My personal lineographer, Ghastly Graham Ingels, benefits mightily from the big, beautiful page size. Watch this space for further info. —OW

Dear Russ,

When are you going to ship your EC albums or 32-page comics to department stores or other places that sell comics? Some people aren't able to buy volumes or sets. Even as cheap as you sell them.

Berry Martin II address unknown

You've asked a question we GhouLunatics don't know the answer to! But I do know you can buy back issues of these reasonably priced 32-pg comics and subscriptions direct from us by mail! —OW

Dear Russ,

I've enclosed another poem. I hope you like it. I've been writing a lot of poetry lately for newspapers and others. It makes me feel wonderful everytime I see one of my poems in print in your magazines ('The Fine Arts' page was a great idea).

Phyliss, The Zombie

Phyliss lived to socialize.
A zombie though she be
With a blank-eyed stare
And a fetid air
She took a shine to me
With a voodoo chant
And a voodoo dance
She boogied all the while
The living dead
With blue lips said,
"I really like her style."
She did the twist
With a broken wrist
And the mashed potato, too.
She fell apart
And it broke my heart
(You lovely zombie, you)

Frank X Mattson

Lancaster, PA

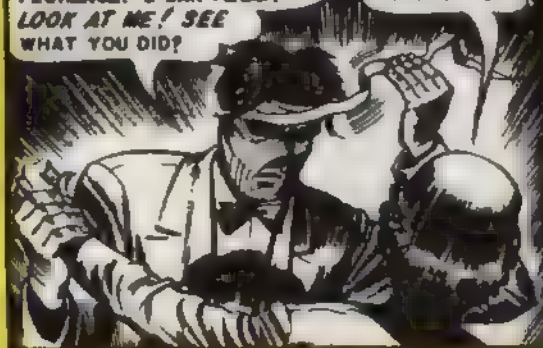
Like I said above, The Crypt-Keeper gets first crack at the poems and drawings. He runs them in a feature called "The Page of Fine Art," which appears in the SF books, The SuspensStory books and TWO-FISTED TALES. If you're reading only the horror books, you're missing this reader-written material, and plenty good EC stories, too! —OW

NEXT ISSUE

HE STARTED TO UNWIND THE BANDAGES WITH HIS FREE HAND! I LOOKED AWAY! HIS FINGERS DUG INTO MY WRISTS...

YOU'RE NOT LOOKING AT ME, FLORENCE! I CAN TELL! LOOK AT ME! SEE WHAT YOU DID?

NO, CEDRIC! NO! I... I



Dear Old Witch

I've just finished reading GLAD HAUNT #1 and #2. I loved the story "Horror We? How's Sayou?" I also love "Room for One More!" I'm going to start my subscription to your disgusting mag soon. Do you have any zombie stories coming up? Ghoulishly yours,

Corey Dollack

W Hartford CT

Don't forget; there were four more 64-pg GLAD HAUNTS! No zombies on the horizon. Just plenty risen corpses, vampires, ironic retributions—normal stuff like that! But, in your honor, I've flicked a putrid poem off The Crypt-Keeper's desk, and it features a zombie! See above. —OW

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Required by 39 U.S.C. 2602

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3. Issue Frequency: **Quarterly**

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This month: INCREDIBLE SCIENCE FICTION #10 and CRIME #10. Next month: The 11th issues of CRYPT, WEIRD SCIENCE and SHOCK. Don't forget VAULT, WEIRD FANTASY and TWO-FISTED! Get them at your local comic book shop or SUBSCRIBE (see our ad in this comic for details!)

BACK ISSUES: CRYPT #1, \$3 each (subject to availability). All others up thru issue #3, \$1.50 each. Issues #4 and up, \$2 each. Add \$5 per order (\$10 outside US) for S&H.

We want Letters! Write to:
HAUNT
RUSS COCHRAN
POB 458
WEST PLAINS MO 65775

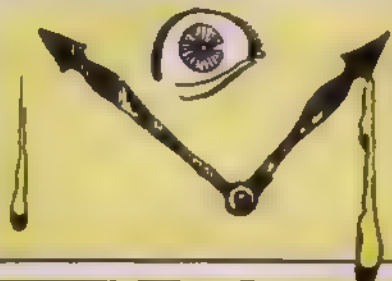
THIS COMIC REPRINTS
HAUNT OF FEAR #10 (NOV/DEC 1981)

COVER by Al Feldstein

"Grave Business!"
"The Vamp!"
"My Uncle Ekarr!"
"Bum Steer!"

Graham Ingels
Craig Davis
Jack Kamen
Jack Davis

We welcome letters of criticism. We cannot promise to acknowledge, publish or answer letters. We edit for clarity, accuracy and length. We automatically withhold street address and no code unless you clearly state your wish that published. We accept to acknowledge publication of letters to do so we need your address on the individual letter.



More items of general EC interest, collected into this special column called...

FAN CLUB NEWS!

PRESENTED BY THE VAULT-KEEPER



I just wanted to drop you a little note telling you and all the others you're doing a great job A-OK with me, Captin. I saw the improvement from the very first issue of the 32-page reprints. Good quality color that's nice and clear and it doesn't smudge! Keep up the good work gang!

Feel free to print my address so I can hear from other crazy fans out in this crazy world

Jess Newmann POB 320 W Sand LK, NY 12196

Dear VK

I buy every [EC] I can and watch the HBO show whenever possible. I like the comics better than the shows (even though I truly enjoyed "Come The Dawn!" of the cable series. Remember? "Roger is mine!" Hack! Hack!) Some of your stories were changed and rewritten for the worse.

"Maniac at Large" was *trashed*; the ending was the worst! The story's shockending was destroyed—it didn't even let you know that she was, in fact, the killer. "Lower Berth!" would have been better if it would have followed the comic story more closer. "Dead Wait!" (which was not a bad story on HBO) was altered so much that there were no similarities in the stories except for the part about the red hair (Whoopi Goldberg's part was a man's, Vanity's character was never in the original story and the stone's owner was never killed) in "Werewolf Concerto", I didn't understand why the character of the werewolf hunter was introduced and why, at the end, he wasn't a werewolf as the hotel owner in the comic was.

Some changes I liked In "The Reluctant Vampire," I liked the idea that the vampire was not killed, because he was *undead*.

Changes That goes to feed into my question of why some television and movie writers take a work and alter it so much that except for a few minor things, the work does not resemble the original at all—and they still credit the original writer (e.g. the movies STEVEN KING'S GRAVEYARD SHIFT, STEVEN KING'S THE LAWNMOWER MAN, LOGAN'S RUN BEYOND THE POSEIDON ADVENTURE, THE HOWLING, etc.)? Don't they know they can save money by calling it something else and crediting themselves?

Eddie Ray Rosario Hempstead, NY

They save money on the script, and lose money on the lawsuits. This is called, "checks and balances."

—VK

Greetings and salutations! I've been wanting to buy an original EC comic but I've only seen two at \$100 each.

These classics are better than any of the comics available today. Here's a list of my picks for the best ECs I've read. Keep in mind that I favor the sci-fi comics, and I haven't read every EC. What are your favorites?

BEST COVERS

3. IMPACT 5 (Davis)
2. SHOCK 3 (Wood)
1. W SCI 1 (Feldstein)

BEST ART IN A SINGLE STORY

3. "Uppercut!" (Davis/SHOCK 4)
2. Master Race (Krigstein/IMPACT 1)
1. "A Sound of Thunder" (Williamson/W S-F 3)

BEST ADAPATIONS

3. Adam Link Series (W S-F)
2. "Touch And Go!" (CRIME 17)
1. "A Sound of Thunder!" (W S-F 3)

BEST SINGLE STORY

3. "The Sounds from Another World" (Kurtzman/W SCI 3)
2. "Kill!" (Kurtzman/2FIST 8)
1. "Master Race" (Feldstein/IMPACT 1)

BEST OVERALL COMIC

3. 2FIST 17 or SHOCK 2
2. HAUNT 3
1. W S-F 4

BEST PRICE LOOK-ALIKE

"Seeds of Jupiter!" (Feldstein/W SCI 8, pg 5)

Sam Rowley

Anchorage, AK

BEST PRICE?



HEY, EC FANADDICTS. HORROR FROM THE CRYPT OF FEAR's #3 issue is due out in late January! Vampires, zombies, werewolves, and other ghoulish ghouls have subscribed and now here's your opportunity! Just \$8.00 gets you 4 issues of our muck-mag or if you not sure about what our cruddy cauldron has in it, send for just one issue for 2 terrible dollars! Don't delay! Issues 1 & 2 have sold out quicker than a vampire can sink his teeth in your mother-in-law (not quick enough eh??)!! Send de check mon to: Sam Kingston's HORROR FROM THE CRYPT OF FEAR 30 Ivy Drive, Midvale, Utah 84047

Hi! Wanted to write for a long time, but was afraid I wouldn't think of something to top what you already printed from me. Re: reissue of pics of artists—put in different photos.

Concerning "Tomb's Day!", wasn't that originally published when DICK TRACY had the character Sphinx? Please print my full name and address.

John Cocco

40 Alden AV
W Islip, NY 11795

See "Tombs-Day!" in 64-pg RCP VAULT #5—that issue of VAULT (#35) was released in late 63/early 64. You Tracy-heads tell ME!

—VK

Write to this department like so: FAN CLUB NEWS, RUSSELL COCHMAN, POB 466, WEST PLAINS, MO 63174.

We welcome letters of comment. We cannot promise to acknowledge, publish or answer letters. We edit for clarity, accuracy and length. We automatically withhold street address and zip code unless you clearly state you wish them published. We attempt to acknowledge publication of letters. To do so we need your address on the individual letter.

The brat insists, 'I want to
MURDER people just like ...

MY UNCLE EIKAR!



NIGHT BLANKETS THE CITY! THESE ARE THE HOURS WHEN PEOPLE SLEEP IN THEIR BEDS BEHIND DRAWN BLINDS... AND THINGS OF EVIL CRAWL FROM BENEATH THEIR HIDING PLACES AND ROAM DESERTED HOUSES AND EMPTY ALLEYS! THESE ARE THE HOURS WHEN SOME UNFORTUNATES MEET VIOLENT DEATHS...

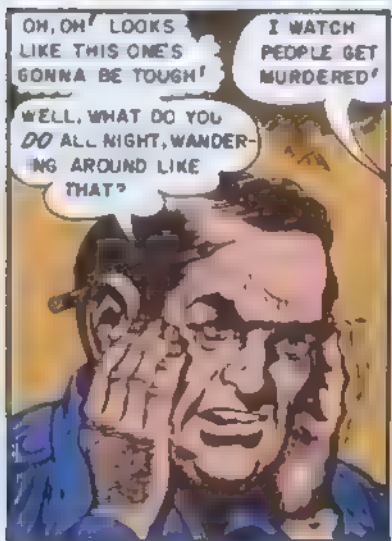
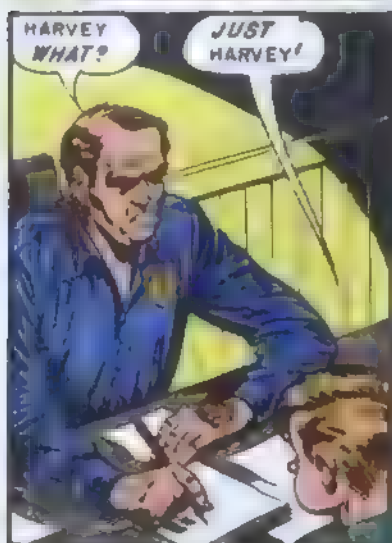
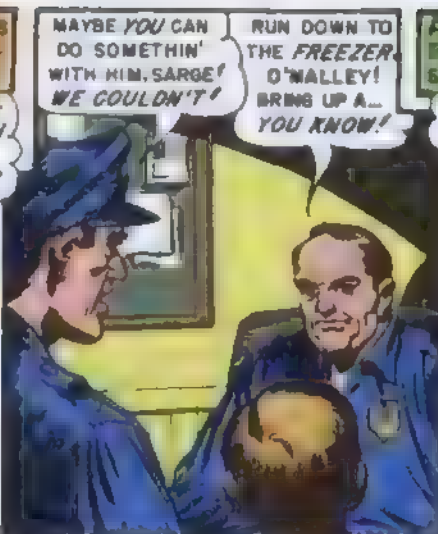
AT THE TWENTY-THIRD PRECINCT HEADQUARTERS, A SLEEPY SERGEANT NODS AT HIS DESK! SUDDENLY THE STILLNESS IS SHATTERED BY THE HIGH-PITCHED VOICE OF A CHILD....

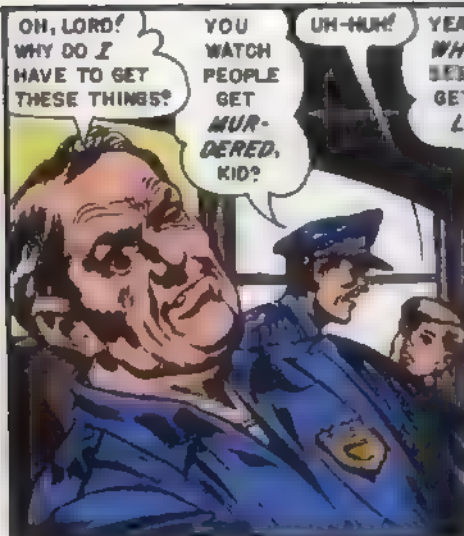
NO! NO! NO!

PLEASE, KID!
COME ON IN! WE
WON'T HURT YOU!

MUH? HEY! WHAT'S
GOIN' ON? WHERE'D
YOU GET THE KID,
O MALLEY?







OH, LORD!
WHY DO I
HAVE TO GET
THESE THINGS?

YOU
WATCH
PEOPLE
GET
MUR-
DERED,
KID?

UH-HUH!

YEAH? OKAY!
WHEN DID YOU
SEE SOMEBODY
GET MURDERED
LAST?

TONIGHT!



TONIGHT? WHERE?

IN THE
VACANT LOT
ON SPRING
STREET AT
WABASH!



MAN OR
WOMAN?

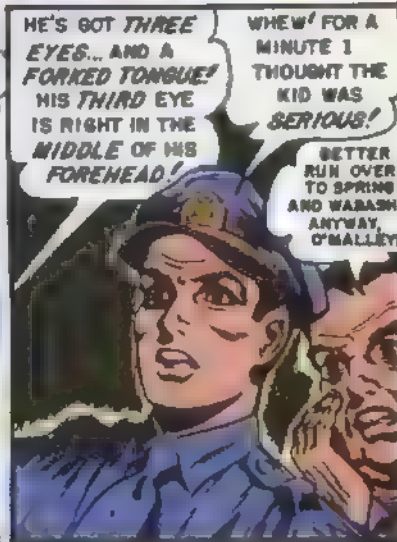
LET'S SEE!
TONIGHT IT
WAS A... MAN!

DID
YOU
SEE
WHO
DID
IT?



OF COURSE! UNCLE
EKAR... I CALL HIM
UNCLE... HE DID
IT! HE ALWAYS
DOES IT! I
JUST WATCH!

WHAT DOES
YOUR UNCLE
EKAR SAY?
IT IS... LOOK
LIKE, KID?



HE'S GOT THREE
EYES... AND A
FORKED TONGUE!
HIS THIRD EYE
IS RIGHT IN THE
MIDDLE OF HIS
FOREHEAD!

WHEW! FOR A
MINUTE I
THOUGHT THE
KID WAS
SERIOUS!

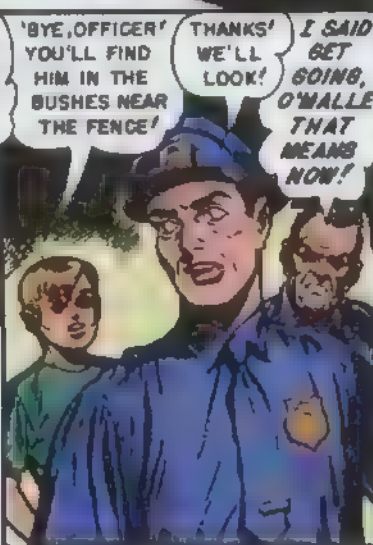
BETTER
RUN OVER
TO SPRING
AND WABASH
ANYWAY,
O'MALLEY!



I AM SERIOUS!
THAT'S WHAT
UNCLE EKAR
LOOKS LIKE!
YOU ASKED
ME AND I
TOLD YOU!

SURE, KID!
SURE! GET
GOING,
O'MALLEY!

YEAH, SARGE!
S'LONG!
S'LONG,
KID!



'BYE, OFFICER!
YOU'LL FIND
HIM IN THE
BUSHES NEAR
THE FENCE!

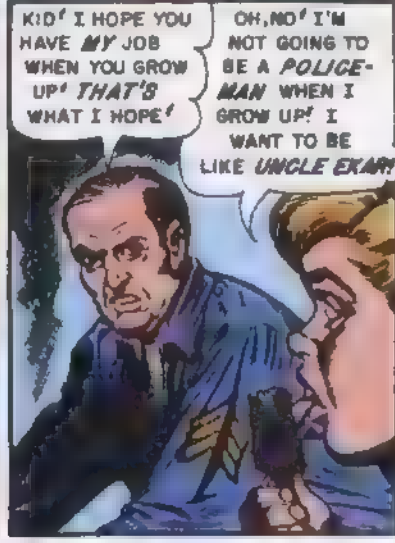
THANKS!
WE'LL
LOOK!

I SAID
GET
GOING,
O'MALLEY!
THAT
MEANS
NOW!



YOU'RE YELLING,
MISTER SERGEANT!

YEAH! WELL...
I... H-R-RUMPH!
ER... WHERE
DID YOU SAY
THIS GUY...
YOUR UNCLE
EKAR... LIVES?



THE TWO POLICEMEN STARE AT THE YOUNGSTER WHO IS JUST LICKING THE LAST TRACE OF CHOCOLATE FROM THE ICE-CREAM STICK...

HOW'D YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS, KID?

I TOLD YOU! I WATCHED UNCLE EKAR DO IT!

EVER SEE HIM KILL ANYBODY ELSE?

UH-HUH! LAST NIGHT A LADY... NEAR THE LAKE... IN THE PARK

HE READ ABOUT THAT IN THE PAPERS, SARGE!

ARE YOU KIDDING? THIS KID CAN'T READ! HE MUST BE SIX... THE MOST!

I'M TWENTY FOUR! UNCLE EKAR IS ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY!

WHERE CAN WE FIND HIM THIS UNCLE OF YOURS, KID?

I TOLD YOU! HE'S NOT MY REAL UNCLE! HE SAID HE'D MEET ME... IN THE ALLEY... NEAR PRINCE AND HIGH... LATER!

HE SAID...

OKAY, O'MALLEY! TAKE THIS KID OVER TO THE CHILDREN'S SHELTER AND HURRY RIGHT BACK! WE'VE GOT A DATE... WITH UNCLE EKAR!

SARGE! ARE YOU GOING TO BELIEVE THIS KID... ABOUT THE THREE EYES AND THE FORKED TONGUE?

O'MALLEY, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO BELIEVE! NOW GET GOING!

LATER THAT NIGHT, TWO OFFICERS CROUCH BEHIND A PILE OF GARBAGE CANS AND LITTER IN AN ALLEY NEAR PRINCE AND HIGH.

I TOLD YOU THE KID WAS ALL WET! LET'S QUIT! I'M GETTIN'...

SHUT UP! LOOK! SOMEONE'S COMIN' UP THE ALLEY!

HARVEY? THAT YOU?

OKAY, BUDDY! STRETCH!

NO! NO!

HE'S GETTIN' AWAY, O'MALLEY! HEY, YOU! STOP OR WE'LL SHOOT!

THE STACCATO SOUND OF GUN-SHOOTS RIPS THROUGH THE ALLEY AFTER THE FLEEING MAN! HE FALLS INTO AN AWKWARD CRUMPLED HEAP! THE TWO POLICEMEN COME UP TO THE PROSTRATE FORM .

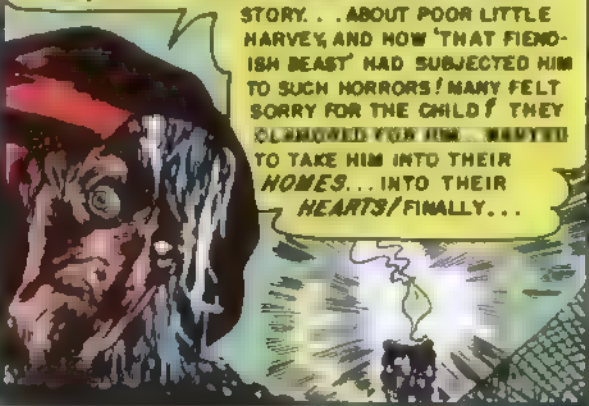
GOOD LORD, O'MALLEY! LOOK! IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS FOREHEAD...

A THIRD EYE! AND LOOK AT HIS TONGUE... IT'S FORKED.



HEE, HEE! YEP! UNCLE EKAR WAS JUST AS HARVEY HAD DESCRIBED HIM. THIRD EYE, FORKED TONGUE, ALL ALL! AND COINCIDENTALLY, AFTER UNCLE EKAR'S DEATH, THE WAVE OF KILLINGS THAT HAD HIT THE CITY ENDED, TOO! THE NEWSPAPERS TOLD THE WHOLE STORY...

...ABOUT POOR LITTLE HARVEY, AND HOW 'THAT FIENDISH BEAST' HAD SUBJECTED HIM TO SUCH HORRORS! MANY FELT SORRY FOR THE CHILD! THEY CLAMORED FOR HIM... WANTING TO TAKE HIM INTO THEIR HOMES... INTO THEIR HEARTS/FINALLY...



HARVEY! THIS IS MR. AND MRS. ARNOLD VANDURSHOFF! THESE PEOPLE ARE GOING TO ADOPT YOU! THEY'RE GOING TO TAKE YOU TO THEIR GREAT BIG HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY!

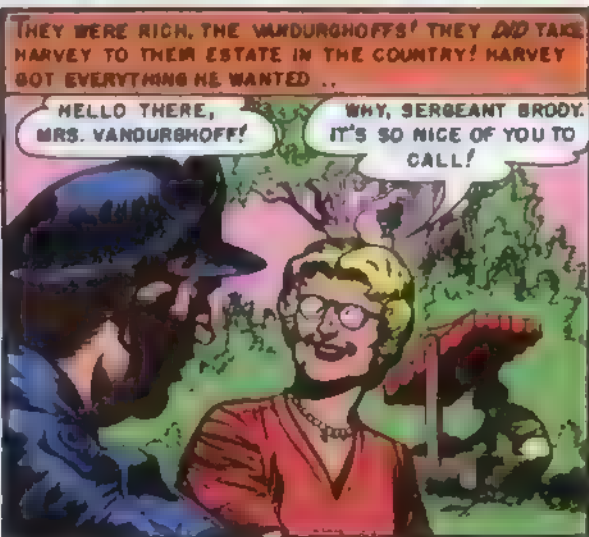
HELLO, HARVEY! YES, MA'AM! YOU CAN CALL ME MOTHER!



THEY WERE RICH, THE VANDURSHOFFS! THEY DID TAKE HARVEY TO THEIR ESTATE IN THE COUNTRY! HARVEY GOT EVERYTHING HE WANTED...

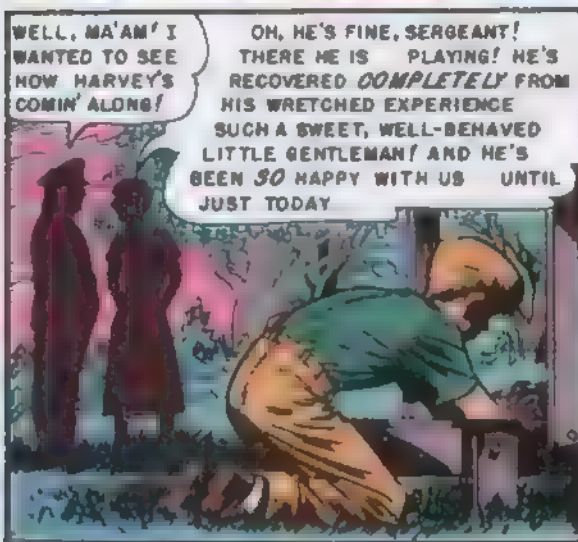
HELLO THERE, MRS. VANDURSHOFF!

WHY, SERGEANT BRODY. IT'S SO NICE OF YOU TO CALL!

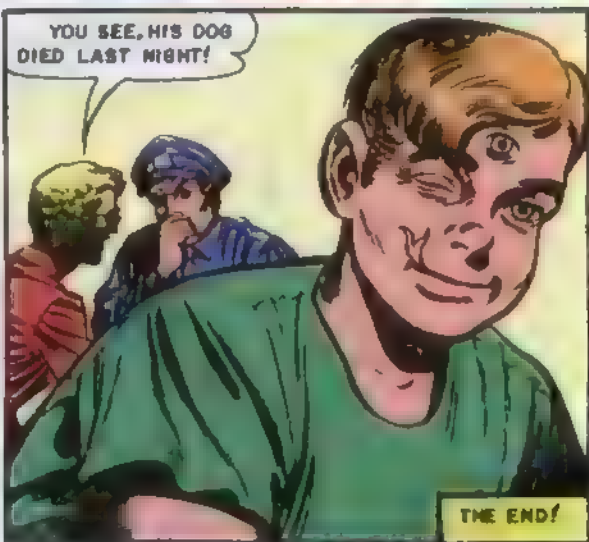


WELL, MA'AM! I WANTED TO SEE HOW HARVEY'S COMIN' ALONG!

OH, HE'S FINE, SERGEANT! THERE HE IS PLAYING! HE'S RECOVERED COMPLETELY FROM HIS WRETCHED EXPERIENCE SUCH A SWEET, WELL-BEHAVED LITTLE GENTLEMAN! AND HE'S BEEN SO HAPPY WITH US UNTIL JUST TODAY



YOU SEE, HIS DOG DIED LAST NIGHT!



THE END!

THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! GREETINGS, *GHOULS!* I SEE I HAVE *LAST SPOT* AGAIN! WELL, *LAST BUT NOT LEAST*, I ALWAYS SAY! YES, IT'S *THE CRYPT-KEEPER*...YOUR HOST IN *THE CRYPT OF TERROR!* OUR STORY THIS TIME IS A FAVORITE OF MINE, ONE THAT I'M SURE WILL *CHILL THE MARROW IN YOUR BONES* AND MAKE THE *HAIR ON THE BACK OF YOUR NECK CRAWL!* I CALL THIS *BLOOD-CURDLING YARN*

BUM STEER!



MANUEL RODERO, THE FAMED MATADOR THE TOAST OF MADRID STOOD IN THE SHADOWS AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE BULL-RING, RESPLENDENT IN HIS GOLD-EMBROIDERED SATIN COSTUME! BEYOND, IN THE SUNLIGHT, THE WILDLY CHEERING CROWD HOWLED ITS APPROVAL AS THE ~~THE MATADORS~~ ~~WARRIORS~~ ~~ON THE~~ ~~IN~~ ~~THE~~ ~~BLIND~~ ~~FOOTED~~ HORSES, GOADED THE BULL WITH THEIR SHARP GARROCHAS! MANUEL FINGERED THE HANDLE OF HIS SWORD NERVOUSLY... HIS DAZZLING RED CAPE DRAPED ON HIS ARM...

IT IS ALMOST TIME,
MANUEL!

I AM READY,
PEDRO!



A SIGNAL WAS GIVEN AND MANUEL RODERO STRODE OUT INTO THE SUNLIGHT! A RESOUNDING OVATION EXPLODED FROM THE SPECTATORS WHEN THEY SAW THE SIGHT OF HIM! MANUEL WAS THEIR FAVORITE.. THE STAR OF THE MADRID BULLFIGHTS! HE CROSSED THE PLEASURED ARENA AND STOPPED BEFORE A FLASH-DRAPE BOX ..



AN ATTRACTIVE DARK-EYED SEÑORITA NODDED TO MANUEL... SMILED... AND TOSSED A PERFUMED LACE HANDKERCHIEF TO HIM...



MANUEL CAUGHT THE HANDKERCHIEF WITH THE POINT OF HIS SWORD AND PRESSED IT TO HIS LIPS. INHALING ITS PERFUMED FRAGRANCE...



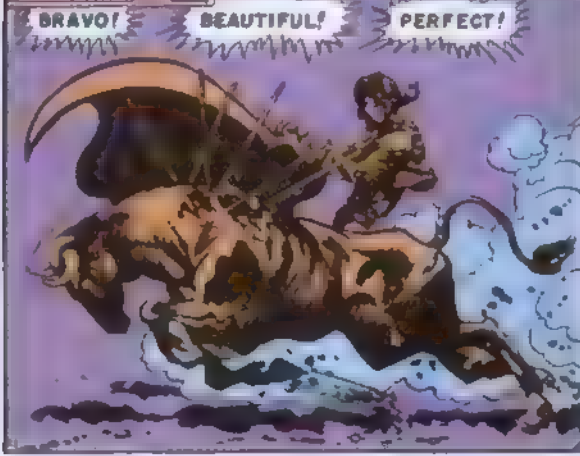
THEN HE TUCKED IT INTO HIS BELT AND TURNED TO FACE THE ENRAGED, SNORTING, WOUNDED BULL.



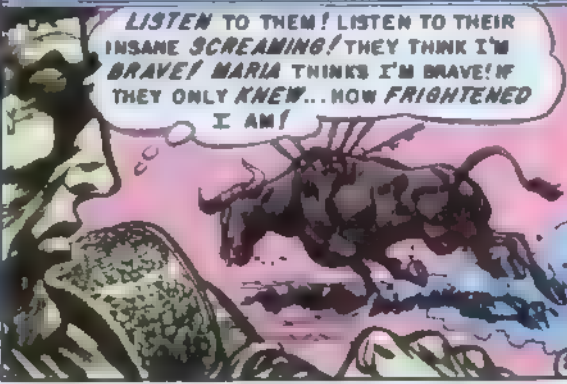
SLOWLY GRACEFULLY HE UNFURLED HIS SCARLET CAPE! THE BULL LOWERED ITS HEAD, RAWING THE GROUND



AS THE BULL CHARGED, MANUEL DANCED LIGHTLY OUT OF ITS WAY... LIFTING HIS CAPE ABOVE THE LETHAL HORNS



TIME AND AGAIN THE BULL CHARGED AND TIME AND AGAIN MANUEL GRACEFULLY SIDE-STEPPED ITS DEATH-DEALING HORNS! BEADS OF PERSPIRATION STOOD OUT ON MANUEL'S FACE LIKE LITTLE DIAMONDS! MANUEL'S HAND SHOOK, AS HE EXTENDED HIS SWORD FOR THE ESTOCADA... THE DEATH BLOW...



YES! MANUEL WAS SCARED! SCARED STIFF! OH, SURE... ONCE HE HAD BEEN BRAVE! WHEN HE WAS YOUNG AND COCKY! BUT LATELY HIS NERVE HAD GONE... VANISHED! MANUEL WAS AFRAID. HE'D BEEN HIDING IT FROM THE CROWD... FROM MARIA! IF THEY EVER FOUND OUT... HE'D BE FINISHED... WASHED UP!



MANUEL DRAPED THE SWORD WITH HIS RED CLOAK AND KNELT AS THE BULL TURNED FOR A FINAL CHARGE. THIS WAS THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF HIS PERFORMANCE.

MY HAND IS SHAKING. I CANNOT HOLD MY SWORD STILL...



THE BULL TORE ACROSS THE RING AT MANUEL! HE WATCHED IT WITH WIDE EYES... HIS PULSE POUNDING! SUDDENLY... FEAR CLUTCHED AT HIS HEART! THE SWORD SLIPPED FROM HIS HAND.

LOOK! RODERO'S HE LOST HIS NERVE! DROPPED HIS SWORD!



FOR A MOMENT MANUEL HESITATED! THERE WAS STILL TIME TO RECOVER HIS SWORD AND REDEEM HIMSELF IN THE EYES OF THE JEERING CROWD! BUT ONE LOOK AT THE BULL... HURTLING AT HIM... ITS RED EYES BURNING... ITS HORNS MENACING WAS ENOUGH...



HE'S RUNNING!

HE'S SCARED!

RODERO IS FINISHED!

IN THE SAFETY OF THE ENCLOSURE BENEATH THE GRANDSTAND, MANUEL RODERO FELL TO HIS KNEES, SOBBING! OUTSIDE, THE CROWD HOOTED AND YELLED, DEMANDING THE SHOW FOR WHICH THEY HAD PAID THEIR ADMISSIONS...

MANUEL! WHAT HAPPENED?

I DON'T KNOW! I... I DON'T KNOW!

WHERE IS THE NOVICE... THE YOUNG ONE ARTURO ELZAR? SEND HIM OUT IMMEDIATELY!



A YOUNG PROMISING MATADOR... ARTURO ELZAR... WAS DISPATCHED INTO THE RING AS A SUBSTITUTE TO QUIET THE SHOUTING AUDIENCE! A MOVEMENT NEAR MANUEL MADE HIM TURN! MARIA STOOD BEFORE HIM... STARING DOWN AT HIM... A LOOK OF SCORN ON HER FACE...



MARIA! I... I'M SORRY! I... I'M GETTING OLD! I... COULDN'T...

MY HANDKERCHIEF, MANUEL! I WANT MY HANDKERCHIEF!

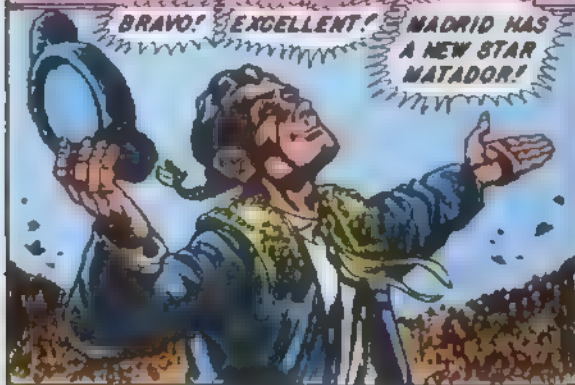
MARIA BENT AND SNATCHED HER PERFUMED HANDKERCHIEF FROM MANUEL'S BELT! THEN SHE TURNED AND LEFT! OUTSIDE, THE CROWD CHEERED AS ARTURO ELZAR GRACEFULLY SIDE-STEPPED THE BULL'S MURDEROUS CHARGE.

MARIA! MARIA! SOB... SOB...

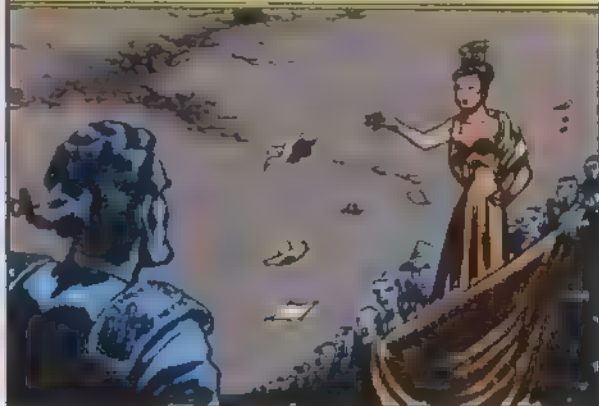
LISTEN TO THEM OUT THERE! THEY'RE CHEERING! THEY LIKE THE NOVICE, ARTURO ELZAR!



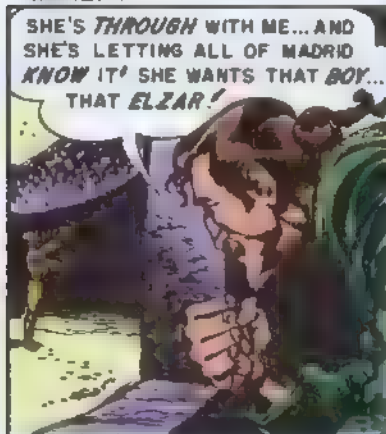
AGAIN AND AGAIN, THE YOUNG MATADOR DANCED AWAY FROM THE ONRUSHING BULL! WITH EACH PASS, THE CROWD SENT UP A THUNDEROUS ROAR! FINALLY, THE ESPADA WAS DELIVERED AND THE TORTURED BULL FELL DEAD! ARTURO TURNED TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE WILD CHEERS OF THE CROWD...



ARTURO STRODE ACROSS THE RING TO THE FLAG-DRAPE BOX OF MARIA CARLO! HE BOWED, SMILING AT HER! SHE SMILED BACK! THEN SHE STOOD UP AND TOSSED HER PERFUMED HANDKERCHIEF TO HIM! THE CROWD WENT WILD! THE DIN WAS DEAFENING...



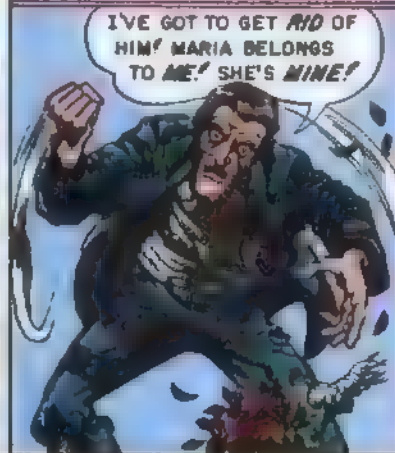
IN THE SHADOWS OF THE ENCLOSURE BELOW THE GRANDSTAND, MANUEL RODERO WATCHED! HE CURSED ... ANGRILY ...



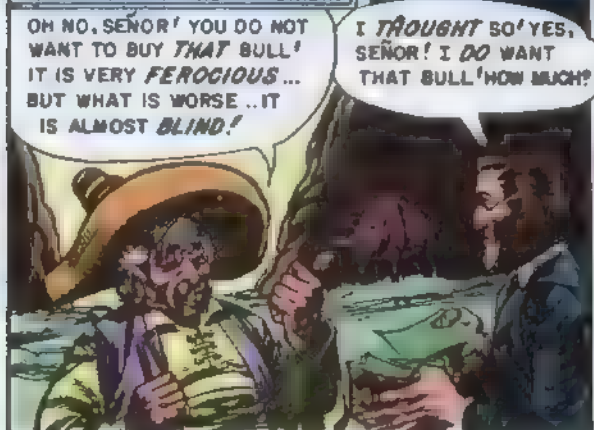
THAT NIGHT, MANUEL WENT TO MARIA CARLO'S HOUSE! HE WANTED TO BEG HER FORGIVENESS! HE WANTED TO TELL HER HE WOULD GO INTO THE BULL-RING AGAIN... TO REASSURE HER OF HIS BRAVERY! BUT WHEN HE ARRIVED, HE SAW... THROUGH THE LATTICE WINDOW...



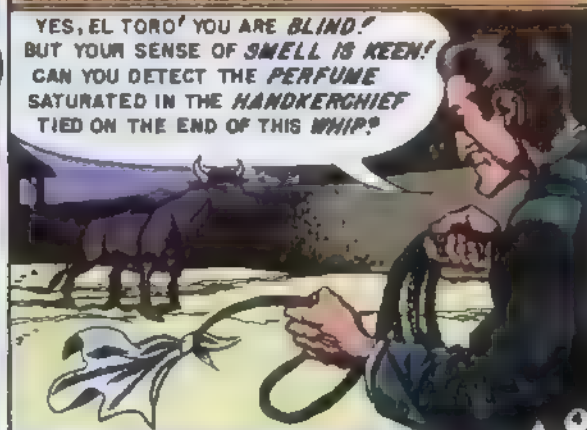
HATE AND JEALOUSY SURGED UP IN MANUEL'S BRAIN! HE TURNED FROM THE LOVERS, SWEARING ...



AND THEN MANUEL RODERO THOUGHT OF A WAY... A SURE WAY... TO OBLITERATE THE YOUNG MATADOR, ARTURO ELZAR... AND WIN BACK MARIA CARLO! THE NEXT DAY... FAR FROM MADRID...

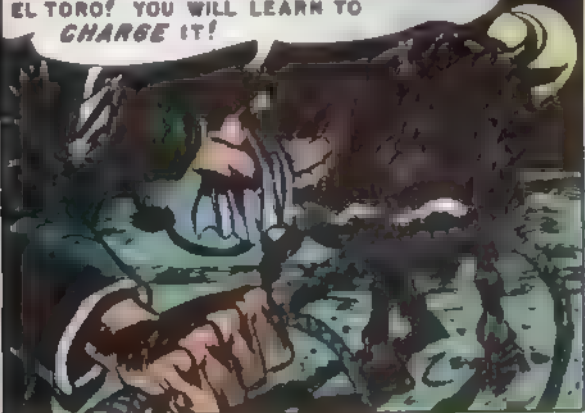


THAT NIGHT, IN THE BULL-RING BEHIND RODERO'S EX-HUSBAND'S COUNTRY HOME, AN ALMOST BLIND BULL FACED A DOWNFALLEN MATADOR, HIMSELF BATTERED WITH JEALOUSY AND HATE...



THE CRACK OF A WHIP ECHOED THROUGH THE NIGHT AIR, AND THE BELLOW OF A BULL IN PAIN DRIFTED UP FROM THE BULL-RING.

YOU WILL LEARN TO *HATE* THIS SMELL, EL TORO! YOU WILL LEARN TO *CHARGE* IT!



NIGHT AFTER NIGHT, MANUEL ENRAGED THE ALMOST BLIND BULL WITH THE PERFUME-DRENCHED HANDKERCHIEF TIED TO THE WHIP! IT WAS NOT LONG BEFORE THE BULL CAME TO ASSOCIATE THE SMELL OF PERFUME WITH PAIN...

SMELL IT, EL TORO? SMELL THE PERFUMED HANDKERCHIEF PINNED TO THE DUMMY? CHARGE IT! CHARGE IT, YOU FOOL!



FINALLY THE WHIPPED AND TORTURED BULL WAS ABLE, MERELY FROM SCENT... TO CHARGE THE PERFUMED HANDKERCHIEF ACCURATELY

GOOD, EL TORO! YOUR AIM IS GOOD!



AND SO, THE DAY BEFORE THE NEXT BIG ATTRACTION AT THE MADRID BULLFIGHTS...

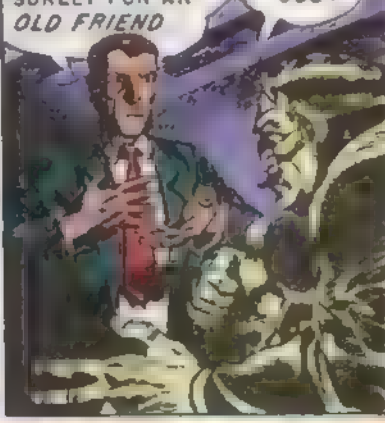
RODERO! WHAT DO YOU WANT? THERE IS NO PLACE FOR A HAS-BEEN IN THE FIGHTS TOMORROW!

NO! I DO NOT WANT TO FIGHT! I REALIZE I AM FINISHED!



IT IS ONLY THAT I NEED *MONEY*! YOU PAY *WELL* FOR THE *BULLS* YOU USE! SURELY FOR AN OLD FRIEND

YOU HAVE A *BULL* YOU WANT US TO USE?



BI! IT IS A FEROCIOUS ONE! IT WILL BE A FINE SPECIMEN FOR THE NEW MATADOR, ELZAR! THE CROWD WILL BE *PLEASED*!

ALL RIGHT! BRING IT TO THE RING TOMORROW! WE WILL USE IT! BUT IT IS ONLY BECAUSE YOU ARE AN OLD FRIEND!



THAT NIGHT, MANUEL SNEERED AT THE HALF-BLIND BULL.

YOU WILL PERFORM WELL, TOMORROW, EL TORO! YOU WILL NOT *SEE* THE *RED CAPE* OF ARTURO ELZAR! YOU WILL *SMELL* ONLY THE *PERFUMED HANDKERCHIEF* IN HIS BELT! ITS *SCENT* WILL *GUIDE* YOUR CHARGE, EH, MY FRIEND?



THE NEXT DAY, MANUEL RODERO'S BULL WAS RELEASED IN THE MADRID BULL-RING! THE PICA-DORES ON THEIR BLIND-FOLDED HORSES BEGAN TO ANGER IT... STICKING THEIR GARROCHAS INTO ITS BACK.

THE BULL IS A MAD ONE!
IT CHARGES WILDLY!



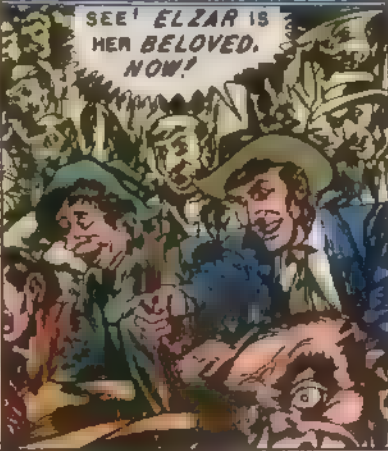
OF COURSE IT CHARGED WILDLY! IT COULD NOT SEE! SOON IT SNORTED AND BELLOWED! HOT BREATH FROM ITS DILATED NOSTRILS KICKED UP THE SAND BELOW ITS LOWERED HEAD! A ROAR WENT UP FROM THE CROWD! ARTURO ELZAR, THE MATADOR, ENTERED THE RING...

BRAVO! VIVA, ELZAR!



ELZAR CROSSED THE RING AND BOWED BEFORE MARIA CARLO'S BOX! SHE SMILED WARMLY AT HIM... AND TOSSED HIM HER PERFUMED HANKERCHIEF...

SEE! ELZAR IS
HER BELOVED.
NOW!



ELZAR TUCKED MARIA'S PERFUMED HANKERCHIEF INTO HIS BELT! THEN HE TURNED...FACING THE BULL! A HUSH FELL OVER THE CROWD! THE BULL STOOD...PAIN-WRACKED AND ENRAGED... PAWING THE GROUND! ELZAR UNFURLED HIS RED CAPE! THE BULL DID NOT MOVE! ELZAR SPUN THE CAPE ARTISTICALLY...

THE BULL DOES NOT
CHARGE!

IT SEEMS TO BE
IGNORING THE
CAPE!



ARTURO EXTENDED HIS CAPE, HELD HIS POSITION, AND WAITED! IT WOULD BE EASY! THE BULL WOULD CHARGE THE CAPE AND ARTURO WOULD NOT BE BEHIND IT! BUT THE BULL WAS NOT INTERESTED IN THE RED CAPE! THE BULL COULD NOT EVEN SEE IT! THE BULL WAS CHARGING THE SMELL OF PERFUME...



ELZAR MOVED TOWARD THE BULL, WAVING HIS SCARLET CAPE! THE BULL STOOD STILL! SUDDENLY, IT LIFTED ITS HEAD! A FAMILIAR SMELL REACHED ITS SNORTING NOSTRILS...THE SMELL OF PERFUME! THE MEMORIES OF PAST TORTURE AND PRESENT PAIN TOGETHER WITH THAT FAMILIAR SCENT ALL KNITTED TOGETHER! THE BULL LOWERED HIS HEAD AND CHARGED...



A HORN CAUGHT ARTURO JUST ABOVE THE HANKERCHIEF AND THE CROWD GROANED! THE GORED MATADOR WAS LIFTED HIGH AND TOSSED LIKE A LIMP RAG DOLL! BEFORE THE BANDERILLEROS COULD GET TO HIM...TO DIVERT THE ENRAGED BULL...THE BEAST WAS UPON HIM AGAIN...SLASHING WITH ANGRY HORNS



EEEEEEEEEE!

HEH, HEH...

THAT NIGHT, MANUEL RODERO SAT IN HIS LUXURIOUS HOME CONTEMPLATING HIS TRIUMPHANT RETURN TO THE BULL-RING! AFTER ARTURO ELZAR'S UNTIMELY DEATH, HE'D RUSHED ON AND DEALT THE BLIND BULL THE DEATH THRUST! THE CROWD HAD GREETED HIM WITH TUMULTUOUS APPLAUSE...



HEH, HEH! ONCE AGAIN I AM THE TOAST OF MADRID! EVEN MARIA WILL BE MINE ONCE MORE!

SUDDENLY MANUEL TURNED! FROM FAR AWAY CAME THE DISTANT PATTTER OF HOOVES AND THE SMORTING OF AN ENRAGED BULL! THEY SEEMED TO BE COMING CLOSER...CLOSER! THEY SEEMED TO BE RIGHT OUTSIDE! MANUEL RUSHED TO THE DOOR AND PEERED OUT...



NOTHING! NOTHING OUT THERE! BUT I'M SURE I HEARD HOOV-BEATS! I... I...

IT LUMBERED TOWARD HIM OUT OF THE DARKNESS! IT WAS DRESSED IN THE BLOOD-SOAKED GOLD-EMBROIDERED SATIN COSTUME OF A MATADOR...



ARTURO! NO... NO...

IT GRASPED MANUEL IN ITS STRONG ARMS, AND DRAGGED HIM...SCREAMING...TO THE BULL-RING BEHIND HIS HOUSE...



LET ME GO! LET ME GO!

AAAAAAGH!

A HALF-BLIND BULL WAS WAITING! THE THING THAT HELD HIM REARED DOWN AND LIFTED A PERFUMED HANDKERCHIEF FROM ITS BELT! THE CORPSE OF THE BULL SNORTED... THEN LOWERED ITS HEAD...



OH, GOD! HELP ME! HELP ME!

IN THE MORNING, THEY FOUND MANUEL RODERO IN THE BULL-RING BEHIND HIS HOUSE...



UGH! WHAT A MESS!

LOOK! ON HIS CHEST! IT... IT SEEMS TO BE A HANDKERCHIEF! SMELL IT! IT'S PERFUMED!

HEH, HEH! THAT'S MY STORY, KIDDIES! AND I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANY CRACKS ABOUT IT BEING THE...OLD BULL! AFTER ALL! ARTURO WAS THERE, TOO! THEY HAD THEIR REVENGE TOGETHER! ANYWAY, IT WAS NOVEL...HAVING THE BULL'S CORPSE ALONG ALSO, EH? WELL, I LIKE A STORY THAT HAS SOME MEAT TO IT! BEFORE I WIND UP THE OLD WITCH'S BOOK, JUST A



REMINDER! READ HER COLUMN! IT HAS BACK ISSUE INFO. 'BYE, NOW! SEE YOU NEXT IN TALES FROM THE CRYPT!

**HEE-HEE! I'M GOING TO DO
LIKE THESE TWO GOOFY
GHOULUNATICS, AND GET MY
OWN SUBSCRIPTIONS TO ALL
THE EC COMICS!**



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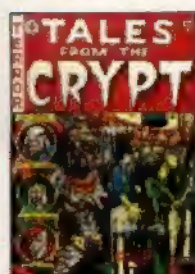
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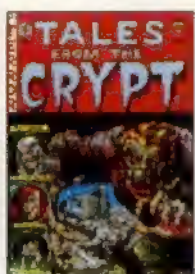
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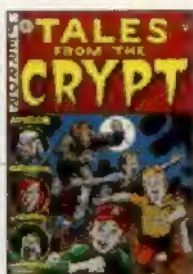
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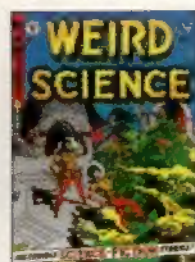
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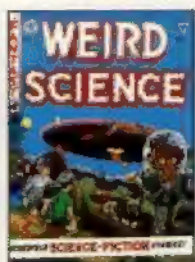
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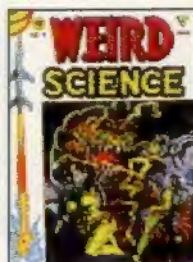
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